THE

AGE OF PROGRESS;

OR,

A Panorama of Time.

IN FOUR VISIONS.

BY DAVID A. MOORE.

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To all those who sincerely acknowledge the *general Brotherhood* of MAN, and who desire, in their heart of hearts, the elevation of the entire HUMAN RACE; and especially, to all true AMERICAN PATRIOTS, who, at the present critical hour, have a single eye to the Future success and integrity of the AMERICAN UNION, and who can see, in the prosperity of this NATION, the most efficient means of securing the welfare of Universal HUMANITY,—the PANORAMA OF TIME is respectfully INSCRIBED, with the kindest wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFATORY

HAVING a few things to say to the world before I withdraw from it, I have no *apology* to offer for this publication.

Nevertheless, I submit it with extreme *diffidence*, knowing its imperfections, its weaknesses, and its faults. Of course, I think it possesses some *merit*. But I confess myself an incompetent *judge* of that. I know *one* thing. It is not fit to be received as an *oracle*. The most that I can say in its *favor* is, that with considerable *chaff*, I hope it will be found to contain, now and then, a *kernel* of something more valuable.

One *other* thing I know. It was written with a pungent sense of existing *social evils*, and a sincere desire to contribute somewhat to their melioration. Some of its numerous suggestions will, no doubt, be received with a smile. But there are others which seem to me to deserve "the most respectful consideration." That, however, is for other people to decide.

Some persons may call it *visionary*. And since it is entirely made up of *visions*, there may be some show of

VISION OF THE NEW EDEN

justice in that charge. But since great events have, in all ages of the world, been foreshadowed by visions, and since all men, from the Emperor CONSTANTINE down to the humble Author, and especially all *women*, have had more or less *faith* in them, I cannot possibly regard *this* as any disparagement to the work.

Others may aver, "that it is neither a *Romance*, a *History*, a *Poem*, nor an *Essay*; and, therefore, being of no approved order of composition, it should not be tolerated." Such persons I will answer *bluntly* by denying the charge.

In the first place, I claim it to be a *genuine romance*. The entire frame-work, and much of the furniture, of which it is constructed, are purely *imaginary*. And because it is not a story of *love* and *amours*, and therefore not a *fashionable* romance, I am not disposed to admit that it is any the less a *genuine* one.

In the next place, strange as it may seem, I claim it to be a *history*. And what may seem strange *still*, I am prepared to place it in the very foremost *rank* as such. And why? The answer is very simple, if not very obvious. It is a history of *three results*; whether a *correct* history I will not undertake to say. Let other *ages* determine that.

Thirdly, I also claim it to be a *poem*. In fact, I suppose *this* to be its truest character. It is as a poem, mainly, that I desire to offer it to the public. What merits

selves of [illegible] for the enjoyment of [illegible] Sublime Realities and Eternal Truths—all centred in the great Future—are sacrificed and brought down to the present, and crucified in the cross of mediocrity. But I fear I shall be anticipating [illegible].

Finally, It may be regarded not merely as an *essay*, but as a continuous *series* of essays, upon different subjects. And it is in *this* character that the real object of the work is most prominently *developed*. And I submit, that this character is honorably sustained by the systems of argument, in favor of the different changes proposed for the reformation of society, which constitute the body, or rather the *heart*, of the work.

In a word, and without circumlocution, the *Panorama of Time* is intended as a bird's-eye view of the Social World—of some of its prominent evils, and of some of the modes by which these evils might be conquered, and the world rejuvenated.

I have made this desultory statement in order to secure for my book fair play with the Public.

Syracuse, N. Y. *August*, 1856. D. A. M.

EXPLANATORY.

VISION FIRST.

The Vision of the New Eden is a hurried exhibition of the world as it may be supposed to appear in the year of our Lord Eighty-Seven, having been governed by wise legislation, and fed with other means, the human constituents supposed to have gained in strength, and to have risen from one degree of excellence to another, until it has attained the highest state of earthly perfection;—a state analogous to that of our primitive Parents in Eden.

VISION SECOND.

The Vision of the Overthrow of Slavery exhibits the progress of that Institution, in the Past and Future, and the method and means of its abrogation; together with the supposed condition of the *African Race* in the year 2000.

The writer, in a vision, visits the City of *Mexico;* which he finds inhabited by Negroes. Among other objects of interest, he observes a lofty *Monument*, in which he discovers an *Inscription* giving its history. After securing a copy of this inscription, he descends from the

VISION THIRD.

The Vision of the Tower of Belzenor is an imaginary scene of the *Latter Days*, at a period corresponding with that of the First Vision.

Satan, having been absent from the world for many ages, on a mission of Exploration and Conquest, in the regions of Chaos and Old Night, and having left Belzenor in full possession of his worldly dominions, finally returns to his Infernal Throne. He applies of his subordinate devils the cause of the prosperity of his Cause in the earth; and expresses his fiendish surprise and mortification, that all the efforts of his hosts should prove Shadowy and that his Princes have been defeated and driven, with all their Infernal Forces, to the earth. He calls Belzenor to account *and situates station*, who response an altercation ensues. Satan calls into requisition, and pronounces a powerful *adjuration* upon Belzenor.

VISION FOURTH.

The Vision of the Tenth of May, is a second *Dream*, in which the Angel's order to the prophet of March to *Eat his Book* is repeated—to signify his being obliged to the Prince of Darkness for the protection of his earthly interest—and to take place about the year 2000.

In the *dream* itself, Satan, with all his Legions, is shut up in the prison of Hell, to remain there for ever.

Vision First.

THE NEW EDEN.

The Scene is laid in Western New York.
The Time is A. D. 3000.

THE NEW EDEN.

OR A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD THREE THOUSAND, WHEN CIVILIZATON SHALL BE COMPLETE AND UNIVERSAL, AND CHRISTIANITY, REIGN TRIUMPHANT.

'Tis a Land, of all Lands, the most pleasant and fair,
Uncursed by dissensions, unclouded by care,
Where Virtue and Truth reign triumphant, and where
Man attains his true earthly glory;
Whence the demons of Want and of Hatred have fled,
Where the spirit of Pride and of Av'rice is dead,
Where prison walls grim, and where bayonets dread,
Are known but in song or story.

To me, the science of Geology was a new theme. It had fallen upon my mind with exceeding weight. It had also gained upon my attention, until it supplied the principal subject-matter of my meditations, by day and night.

The slow and progressive steps of creation which this science reveals, of the creation of the vegetable and animal world especially, ascending gradually from the lower to the higher orders of being, as new conditions of life prepared the way,—so very different

[illegible]

[illegible]

But when and where is this chain to terminate? What number of links is yet to be added? By what process of development are these additional links produced? What are to be the geological relations of the human animal in the vast Future?

These were questions which were constantly presenting themselves to my mind, without receiving with any satisfactory solution.

One Sunday morning, having retired to my study, with the view to divine from my theology, if pos-

sible, by the aid of a new and interesting author, those topics, which had become so thoroughly annoying as to render me, at times, almost insane. I seated myself in an easy chair by the table; when, reaching forth my hand for my favorite work, suddenly, every thing around me was changed. I seemed translated into another world; still, however, retaining in full perfection, a consciousness of my identity. I seemed to myself to be my own self, complete and unchanged; but everything else seemed strangely and unaccountably altered.

At first, I thought I was walking in the streets of a great city; where edifices were all stately, and surrounded by spacious grounds, which were ornamented with all kinds of shrubs and plants, loaded with delicious fruits and aromatic flowers. I observed that these grounds and edifices were not enclosed by walls nor fences of any kind. Still, the plants and trees were unharmed, and the grass was thrifty and untrodden.

But the chief objects of interest to me were the inhabitants. For it is only through the intelligent world, that the physical, however lavishly furnished and beautified, possesses the least value or impor-

tance. In stature, they were tall; in form, most elegantly perfect; in features, exquisitely beautiful; and in all their gestures, there was that perfection of ease, of gracefulness, of simplicity and yet of dignity, which gave them, as they appeared to the eye, a wide superiority over any inhabitants of the earth, which I had ever before seen; far surpassing even my *beau ideal* of human perfection.

The streets, gardens and groves, were all alive with people, both male and female. All of these were industriously occupied; and every occupation seemed to afford pleasure as well as physical benefit. Whether in working the soil, planting, gathering fruit, mechanical labor, conversation, teaching, studying, reading, writing, walking or riding, they were all employed; and whatever their employment, they all seemed healthful and joyful and happy.

Cheerfulness and kindness were written upon every countenance; and envy, or hatred, or any evil passion, of whatever shade or name, was no where legible to my eye.

Something whispered me,—at least I was never without believing,—that these beings were not entirely *human*. The *truly* human, or rather the *God-*

like of humanity, they did seem to possess; but the baser qualities did not appear to my observation; whilst in the stead of these, I was sure that they exhibited attributes wonderfully *super*-human.

One power they evidently possessed, independent of the five senses, by which they perceived whatever transpired around them, irrespective of light or sound or any atmospheric agency.

Language would fail me, to describe all the advantages which they seemed to derive from this additional sense. Through it, congenial minds had the power of reciprocal intercourse. In it, those deep feelings of the heart, those infinitely varied shades of emotion, which had never before been fully expressed, found a successful medium of utterance. By it, the wisdom of age, the results of experience, the convictions of judgment, were transferred from mind to mind, with all their original intenseness and with the fidelity of the daguerreotype.

The facilities which it afforded for the cultivation, as well of the *moral* as of the *intellectual* nature, not only prevented the commission of crime, but, most effectually counteracted the vicious propensities; of which, however, but few traces were discoverable

in the conduct of any to whom my observation extended.

Penetrated with the highest degree of wonderment and astonishment, by the curiosities of the place, and wholly at fault as to the manner of my conveyance thither, I traversed the streets and public places, hoping to find some person who could enlighten me, and vainly taxing my memory for some data by which to determine my latitude and longitude.

Turning my eyes upward, to see if the same sun to which I had been accustomed was shining upon me, how was I transported with surprise at beholding in vari as sections of the firmament, and at various distances above and around me, floating in every direction, *aerial cars*, each apparently containing passengers of human form.

If I had been in doubt hitherto, as to the reality of my impressions, every additional discovery but increased that uncertainty and suspense.

Still, notwithstanding the cloud of mystery in which I seemed hopelessly enveloped, and all the astounding difficulties of my situation, I have no recollection of the least uneasiness of mind; but on the contrary, I distinctly recall to memory a con-

sciousness of delight and satisfaction, and a most encouraging degree of faith in the timely revealment of all needful truth, and the timely dissipation of all useless mystery.

Impelled by curiosity, and apprehensive that my time for observation in my new sphere was to be limited, I was eager to obtain all the information within my reach. I seemed to be invisible and entirely unnoticed by any person. Hence, I had free access to every individual and every assemblage, to every locality and every apartment. And this freedom which I enjoyed, compensated, in part, for the privation which I seemed destined to suffer, of non-intercourse with those by whom I was surrounded.

Understanding in a tolerable degree, the vocal language which I heard, I determined to gain what information I could by such conversations as might occur within my hearing, as well as by patient and studious observation.

In the prosecution of this purpose, I never saw nor heard any indications of poverty or destitution, or much suffering of any description. But every thing which came to my eye or ear, was indicative of happiness and plenty and peace. I heard no con-

tention, saw no exhibitions of ingratitude, or unkindness, or envy, or jealousy, or anger, or revenge; nor did I, during all my sojourn in that glorious land of dreams, ever make the discovery of a grated window, or a lock, or a key, or anything else that reminded me of a prison or a prisoner, of a criminal or a crime.

The conversations which I heard were, principally, upon topics above my comprehension. Now and then, however, the information which they afforded me seemed highly valuable, and gave me an exceeding degree of pleasure.

Passing a couple of men who attracted my attention by their peculiarly chastened demeanor, I halted near them; when, in the course of their conversation, one of the two addressed the other, in the following language;

"Our dear father has entered a wider sphere of knowledge and enjoyment. We must be separated from him a short period; but at the age of two hundred years, we could hardly have wished him to remain longer upon this lower planet, and be deprived of those exalted pleasures with which he is now conversant."

vacant seats, resolved to make myself one of their number.

I had waited in my seat but a few moments, when one, who seemed to be the engineer, touching a spring in the bottom of the car, light as a feather and swift as a bird, we ascended into the air, and darted swiftly away.

This voyage afforded me a bird's-eye view of the country over which we passed. But *such* a country I had never before seen or even imagined. It was one continuous, interminable city, as far as the eye could stretch. Not compact was it, however; every building being surrounded by a small area of ground, with here and there also an open space, of considerable extent, all covered with verdure.

Judging by the face of the country over which we passed—the lakes, the vallies, the hills and the streams—I at once recognized it as my own land—my own State of New-York. There, upon the bounds of view, lay stretching old Ontario, as broad and as blue as ever. I could not be deceived. Here below, and gliding away to the east in quick succession, were Oneida, Cayuga, Seneca and many other lakes, which, alone, were sufficient evidence to me

that I was traversing no other than my native world and the country of my birth.

At length our voyage which might have consumed an hour or more, the conductor of our ethereal craft brought us to the ground as softly and gently as the lighting of a bird.

In the midst of this fairy-like voyage, the recollection of which fills me with ineffable pleasure, whilst all the senses were already pouring full streams of joy into the soul, from the ocean of humanity far below, came up and burst upon my ears a flood of melody more delicious and enrapturing than had ever before saluted my fancy, in the happiest dreams of youth. Description fails me to convey an adequate idea of the impression which this music gave me.

During the continuance of those enchanting strains, our car suspended its progress; gently floating in mid heaven, over the spot whence they arose. Slowly, however, too shortly, they ceased; and again we pursued our aerial flight. But that music has never been effaced from my soul, nor will its magic influence over me be lost whilst memory endures.

Our voyage terminated upon a mountain, which

overlooked a vast expanse of country, covered
over with buildings of every variety of beau
form and architecture: with monuments of all
and dimensions: with forest trees and shrub
agreeably intermingled: with fountains of w
and streams and beautiful lakes; whilst her
there, cutting the blue heavens, at all distance
sublime spectacle was presented to my vie
numerous atmospheric skips, swiftly darting f
in straight lines, or quickly flagging in space:
sparkling with gold and silver in the bright
others, with flying banners and streaming
adding brilliancy and grandeur to the scene
some pouring forth strains of music of he
sweetness.

But one object was here brought to my
which eclipsed every *other*. I was at *last* [illegible]
extent and proportions were incomparably ve
gigantic; whilst in symmetry of form, in rich
material and in architectural composition, it
the very triumph of perfection.

The main substance of which its walls we
posed was brilliant and translucent—nearly
appearance of massive glass

Its form upon the ground was an oval.

From the top of the main structure, which itself was of fearful height, towered an immense dome, whose glittering summit mingled with the clouds.

All around this great central elevation, far and near, were lesser domes, and spires of various heights, and towers and colonnades of various extent and form, and archways brilliant with gold, and shooting fountains of water, and galleries and verandas of every description of style and ornament; and all, so combined, as by their general effect to strike the beholder with the impression of transcendent harmony.

Altogether, viewed at a distance, in the eye of the sun, this wondrous structure appeared like a mountain of clear water, with a golden fleet upon its surface; and all in a blaze.

When this vast and sublime spectacle first greeted my eyes, notwithstanding all the novelties which had hitherto crowded upon my senses—as if to prepare the way for others still more wonderful—I stood petrified and bewildered. My strength and vigor deserted me: and for some time, I was afraid to look upon such unearthly magnificence and beauty.

At length, overcoming this paralysis of my senses,

and looking around me, I saw standing by my side a form of superhuman beauty. His countenance shone radiantly with light and also with the cheering rays of kindness and Love. Instantly my confidence and presence of mind were restored, and all fear melted away, before the heavenly mildness and benignity of this new and dazzling presence.

Presently, as he smiled upon me, he spake in a low sweet voice, and said:

"My son, I meet thee here by the appointment of Heaven, to be thy Instructor and Friend, and to ordain thee a teacher of others. Listen and observe. The immense structure thou beholdest, in the distance, is the earthly TEMPLE of the ALMIGHTY.—Those moving forms thou seest, upon its dizzy heights, are the sons of men, who are duly prepared for the upper Paradise, and ready to be translated thither, without crossing the gulf of Death."

I replied, "Kind Teacher, I see the mighty Temple in all its vastness and splendor; but I can discover no moving forms, upon its towering heights, on account of its great distance."

Then he pressed my forehead with his hand, and bade me look again.

I looked again, and saw a great number of men and women upon the roof, gliding about in its beautiful walks, or reclining within its recesses, too gorgeous for the eye to endure; all apparently in a state of bliss.

Presently, looking attentively, I thought I saw now and then, a company of two, borne gently upward through the clouds, in a mist of light. And in the air above, and through all the golden-tinged clouds, were troops of *angels* hovering, some of whom accompanied them, as they ascended out of sight.

Said my Teacher, "These are they who have no reason to be detained longer upon the earth. They have risen above it in their affections, their desires, and their necessities; purified from sin and depravity, by a Savior's blood, and exalted to holiness through virtue; and through holiness, to immortality. Behold studiously the transforming influence of virtue.

"At the base of this structure which fills thee with admiration and awe, for many leagues around, is the GARDEN of the NEW EDEN. There, are concentrated all the beauties and joys of nature in this lower world. There, the innocent and pure are dwelling in pleasant places—in balmy groves, whose wav-

ing branches load the air with the sweetest perfumes; where streams of crystal water rattle briskly over their pebbled beds, or flow smoothly, gently and silently along their flowery banks. There abound fruits of the choicest flavor and all luxuries which yield true enjoyment. The Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life are there. Beasts and birds of all kinds dwell and roam there in all their primeval harmlessness, melody and beauty. Music has its seat and throne there, filling the air with charms so various and bewitching, that the angels themselves might listen with delight. There are the towering forest, the dashing cataract, the waving meadow, the mountain, the lake, the valley and the plain, and each in the beauty of perfection. Disease is a stranger, and old age and sorrow, pain and remorse, are unknown and unfeared in all those peaceful borders. Sin, with its baleful fruits, has never entered there; and Satan vainly strives with all his ingenuity and his power, to gain admission through those gates.

"The Angels of GOD and the spirits of the just who have gone up through death to the Paradise above, love to come down, and mingle and converse

with the sons and daughters of men, in those delightful and pure retreats. And, here and there, they may evermore be seen in that holy Temple, clothed in dazzling white, and shining with light from the heavenly Throne, gliding swiftly in mid-air, or softly whispering some tidings from above, in the ears of those whom they are sent to nature for the ineffable joys of the upper world. And from that cloud-capt dome and those lofty towers, they ascend with their sanctified and glorified bodies, accompanied by guardian angels, to the mansions above.

"That Temple is the seat and true University of Science. There all the sciences, adapted for pursuit in the upper sphere, are cultivated. True Science is a ladder which reaches to heaven; and faithfully pursued, it can lead only in that direction. It is the great inexhaustible well of happiness for all the intelligent creatures of God. And the vast depths to which it has already been explored, in that University, is immeasurably beyond the fathom of thy mind."

"I am bewildered with mystery," said I, "kind friend; if this be a dream or vision of the night, I pray thee disturb it not. It is *heaven* to *me*. But

tell me, in God's name, what meaning and purpose hath it? Unfold this grand enigma, and I ask no more. Every thing I see is above me—stupendous, sublime, yet transcendently beautiful and lovely."

Then answered me the bright Spirit, and said: "My son, thy dwelling place is the dawn of the Enlightened Ages, many—many centuries past. In the thick darkness of time, the Son of God was given to the world for its Redemption. Then was the beginning of that Light which hath continued to shine brighter and brighter for the space of three thousand years, unto this, the perfect day.

"*Thou art here—at the close of the thirtieth century—a visitor from the nineteenth.*"

As these last words fell upon my ear, suddenly I came to myself, with my arm upon the table and my head resting upon my hand.

THE SEQUEL.

The subject of my new revelation absorbed all my thought. For many days I avoided all society, and traversed the fields and woods in solitude. My friends thought me laboring under a disease of the brain.

The magnificent objects and scenes I had witnessed and beheld, in fancy, (if it *was* fancy,) were so immeasurably superior, in every feature of interest, to any *realities* I had ever witnessed or beheld, that I preferred the *fanciful* to the *real* for the subject of my reflections. Realities had all become insipid to my taste.

O how I longed and prayed to be placed again in those delightful regions! Could I have been assured that *twenty deaths* would have landed me there securely, how cheerfully would I have embraced them all! Could I have been allowed to converse a little longer with my heavenly Teacher,—could I have reviewed with him the past of that period, at which I was a guest, and traced with him those changes and their causes, by which so grand and triumphant a state could ever be attained upon this dark and dreary planet, I might then, at least, have employed my time in endeavoring to do something to forward so glorious an event; and been relieved of the wearying suspense which now preyed upon my cerebral system.

I knew it was not a *dream*. For it had none of that *vagueness* or *incongruity* essential to dreams.

And I could not entirely relinquish the secret hope, or cease the earnest prayer, of being favored, some day, with another revelation, which might somehow serve as a key to this.

Nor did my ardent aspirations long remain unanswered. A few weeks subsequent to the period of time indicated above, whilst I was pursuing through a secluded and picturesque landscape, the meanderings of a little stream, I was, as usual, indulging this absent-minded mood, and turning over in my thoughts, for the thousandth time, the subject matter of my vision.

I could form but a very imperfect idea of the distance I had strolled, when the weariness of my limbs and the burning rays of the sun arrested my attention. Looking about me, I espied upon the bank of the stream, and under the branches of a wide-spreading oak, a tempting bed of green moss. Here I courted a little repose.

Gradually, as I reclined upon that moss-bed, in a position of the utmost passiveness, the landscape which stretched out before me, began to dissolve in my eye. Soon, I found myself mysteriously transported again to that enchanted spot which I had so

much longed to revisit, and which the reader will find faintly described in the foregoing pages.

Strange to say, I had no recollection, whatever, of the time which had intervened, nor of my prosaic visit to the world of realities. There I was, in the same ecstasy of mind, indulging the same train of reflection and observation, as when my angelic Teacher had uttered his last word of instruction in my ear. But *he* was not there. All else was unchanged.

I regretted his absence, most deeply; for I had been charmed by his presence, and had hoped for other revelations from his lips. What had transpired, however, was safely treasured up in my memory, and afforded me unbounded satisfaction.

I looked upon that wondrous Temple, and all the sublime and mysterious objects which surrounded me, with new and vastly exalted interest and awe. My heart burned with desire to visit the Garden of the *New Eden*, and the interior of the *Holy Temple*. And I started away with an unwavering determination to proceed, to the extent of my power, towards its gratification; thoughtless of danger, fearless of opposition, and confident of success.

Hurriedly I passed along, over hill and vale, through street and grove, amidst multitudes of beings, either human or superhuman, (who seemed entirely unconscious of my presence,) till I arrived before the wall which enclosed the garden.

The material of which this wall was constructed, seemed like the purest marble, as white as alabaster, and polished, all over, to the brilliancy of a mirror. I travelled on at its base, a great way, in a grove of precious shrubs, plants and vines,—all loaded with the choicest flowers and fruits,—for the purpose of finding an entrance to the Garden, and confidently intending to pass in.

At length I arrived at the object of my search, where I fell upon new wonders. The gateway was executed in a manner, which for richness and grandeur, for architectural stateliness and beauty, gave it an effect, defying all the arts of description.

Obliquely across the entrance, which was a lofty Arch, was suspended, overhead, a colossal *sword*,* which seemed to threaten whoever might presume to pass beneath it. It was so bright and flashing,

* Genesis iii: 24.

that the eye dare not rest upon it, and seemed like a live flame of the most dazzling fire.

Then on each side of the gateway, by the boundaries of the arch, were two angelic forms,* whose eyes were as piercing as arrows. They had wings; and their faces were clothed with unearthly beauty; and their heads were encircled by a halo of light.

Here I felt the first impulse of fear: and I halted, not for want of a wish, but because I was afraid to advance. That flaming sword was before me, and those piercing eyes were upon me. Yes, my temerity, which had hitherto been invincible, was conquered at last.

The glories of the Garden which burst upon my vision through the broad and lofty archway, were above my admiration, and oppressed me with their sublimity and grandeur.

I knew not which way to turn. My situation was becoming too severely resplendent for my senses.—Still, my curiosity "would not down."

Fearful to advance, and whatever might betide, determined not to recede, I remained for a time,

* Genesis iii: 24.

motionless as a statue ;—the victim of doubt, indecision and suspense.

Approaching from different directions, I saw many persons pass through the gate into the Garden. The sword, as they passed underneath it, would assume a most beautiful aspect, emitting rays of soft and variegated light, which seemed a token of invitation. Others seemed afraid to enter ; for the flaming sword, at their approach, would become, more or less, an object of fear ; sometimes sending forth into their very faces, the most terrific flashes of lightning. These would turn away from the gate with sad and affrighted looks, and soon disappear from my sight.

Those who entered the Garden were received within, by friendly hands and radiant faces, and led forth into the depths of Paradise, and were soon lost amid the wilderness of splendors which there rose to my view, and obstructed the field of vision.

Longing ardently to visit those regions of beauty and of bliss, I at length approached the gate, with the hope of gaining admittance in company with others.

But it was in vain. The fiery sword began to

sparkle angrily, and the scorching eyes of the cherubim beside the gate rested upon me, and cautioned me, in a language which thrilled every nervous fibre of my system—to beware!

My resolution was now broken; and I turned and walked away from that fearful presence, convinced that the atmosphere of the place was too holy for my imperfect nature. I now abandoned all hope of exploring the Garden, and retired with feelings of disappointment and keen regret.

But these emotions were soon exchanged for those of joy, as I recognized, by my side, the countenance of my angelic Teacher and Guide, from whose words I had formerly derived so much satisfaction and profit. The same heavenly smile was there, and the melody of his voice was more grateful to my ear than before.

"My son," said he, "thou art favored of Heaven, to be a messenger of good tidings to the world.—Thou art appointed to behold the mysteries of Evil, the progress of Truth, and the instrumentalities of human advancement. Thou hast already beheld in the distance, the acme of earthly perfection. Go thou hence and study the Panorama of Ages."

Thus saying, he touched my hand, when we ascended together from the earth, and were borne swiftly away from the Garden, the glorious Temple, and all the enchanting scenery with which I had been so long and so rapturously entertained.

Again, suddenly, I was restored to my normal condition, and found myself stretched upon the bed of moss, chilled by the evening dew. I sprang to my feet, and by the aid of the moon, after collecting my thoughts, made my way homeward.

END OF THE NEW EDEN.

Vision Second.

THE OVERTHROW OF SLAVERY.

The Scene is laid in Mexico.
The Time is A. D. 2000.

THE

OVERTHROW OF SLAVERY.

BEING A SORT OF HISTORY OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, FROM ITS ORIGIN TO ITS FINAL AND COMPLETE EXTINGUISHMENT. THIS HISTORY IS ESSENTIAL IN THE CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH IS TO TERMINATE IN THAT SOCIAL STATE DESCRIBED IN THE NEW EDEN.

"'Tis their ambition to trample on
All human feelings, all human ties;
To emulate the fiends, who will one day
Requite them in variety of torturing."

I had a new vision.

I seemed to be traveling in a rail-road car.—Silently and swiftly we flew onward, smokeless and steamless; the trees and hill tops flashing by in the sunshine, like sparkling meteors.

My fellow passengers, notwithstanding they were all black, exhibited traits of superior intelligence: their features, though presenting a strongly marked

African contour, were traced by the lines of cultiva
ted intellect and of gentle affections; and their con
versation was conducted so agreeably, that thei
complexion and features, which had at first repelle
me, seemed quite proper and unobjectionable.

The vallies, plains and hill sides, along the way
were adorned with vegetation, to the highest degre
of prodigality. From this, as well as from the trac
of the sun, I inferred that we were penetrating th
region of the tropics.

I had no recollection of antecedents; I felt it
be my business and the purpose of my mission
study current objects and events. And I was an
iously inclined to discharge my responsibilities fait
fully. I had no associates, and no one seemed awa
of my presence. In the midst of a crowd, I w
alone.

We were soon to arrive at a proud city, t
metropolis of the country. From passing conver
tions, I was not slow to perceive that the Gove
ment of the land was Republican. And I awai
our arrival at the Capital, to which I understood
were journeying, with glittering anticipations.

From various indications, I gathered that

sable nation was just then in a great commotion of joy; on account of some extraordinary national *event*, the anniversary of which was about to be celebrated.

It seemed hardly a moment after—bending my eye into the dim distance before us—I saw, peering into the clouds, the tall spires and monuments of the city, that we were ushered into its bosom.

We were met by the booming cannon, and swarms of humanity, all black as ink; some in processions, displaying banners variously inscribed, marching to the sound of music.

Among the inscriptions upon the banners, which I read, were the following:

"Nil desperandum."

"Trust in God and bide thy time.'

"The Republic of Mexico."

"The deeper bondage, then, the purer freedom, now."

"Thank God and America."

"One extreme follows the other."

"Jordan is a hard road to travel."

"Jordan is the road to Canaan."

"The darkest time is just before day."

"Liberty, through patience, triumphant."

"A long road, that, which has no turn."

After enjoying the novel scene for a few moments, I went forth to explore the city; and in all respects, I must say, that I found it a very proper one. It had its tall, majestic buildings, and its low ones; its wide and its narrow lanes; its brilliant avenues and those which were dingy; its fountains, shooting streams of water, surrounded by beautiful and grotesque statuary; its lofty, waving trees; its noisy streets and rattling vehicles; its public grounds and public buildings; and its churches with their aspiring spires.

In the vicinity of the capitol, which was a building of considerable magnificence, I observed several stately monuments; some of which were of colossal height. I was strongly attracted by these, hoping to derive from them some sort of valuable information.

At the base of one of these commanding structures, I found an entrance. Passing in and mounting a marble stairway which presented itself before me, I came at length into an apartment of singular beauty and elegance, which contained many curiosities. Here I remained for some time, my attention

wholly absorbed by the various objects of interest which appeared before me for inspection.

For the amusement of the curious reader, I will here copy an Inscription, which I discovered in this monument, prominently and beautifully engraved, upon a broad surface of polished marble.

THE INSCRIPTION.

"This MONUMENT was completed in the year 1920.

"It was erected to commemorate the character of one, in whose life was developed the most sterling philanthropy, in harmony with the loftiest patriotism.

"The chief power of these virtues, he exerted upon the Afrıco-American race.

"Through his means, principally, were our ancestors brought out of the bottomless mire of American slavery, and firmly planted upon the rock of Liberty.

"He was a great conqueror—almost the greatest of modern times. But his weapon was neither the bullet nor the sword. His enemies were numerous; but whatever their mode of attack, however malicious or however confident of victory, whenever the

smoke and din of battle were over, his colors were sure to be seen waving triumphantly over the battle ground.

"As ardent a friend of Freedom as ever periled life in its defence, over *one* subject he was an absolute monarch. That subject was himself. His temper was never ruffled. Amid scenes of strife continually, he was uniformly self-possessed, and pursued the even tenor of his way with a single eye to his great purposes, as though he dwelt in a separate element, and enjoyed a superior life, controlled by a *higher law*.

"Few men have ever performed so large an amount of labor, professional, political, literary and statesmanlike; and all beneficial to the world.

"Commencing his career in obscurity, and generally found upon the most unpopular and unpromising side of the questions in which he took an interest, if he ever failed to render his cause popular, he always succeeded in gaining favor for himself; till at length, after many years, by invariably espousing the cause of the weak, and grappling with popular wrong, and by a long and uninterrupted series of triumphs, he builded a fame, as substantial as the

foundations of the human heart, and as broad as a continent.

"Eight years he was PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"But especially is it the object of this great work, to commemorate his pre-eminent services in behalf of the African portion of his countrymen.—He found this race in the lowest state of degradation; and strange to relate, more than three millions of them were slaves—owned as chattels, and bought and sold as such, by the whites.

"This man perceived, with painful sensibility, the inconsistency, as well as the barbarous cruelty of his nation, in maintaining such a system of oppression. And he bent himself to the Herculean task of blotting it from his country's escutcheon.

"But whilst his large, philanthropic soul was keenly impressed with the outrageous wrongs suffered by the African race, his patriotism brought into requisition all the power of his genius, and weight of his influence, to devise and execute a plan of emancipation, by which his country's glory should not be stained; nor her peace disturbed; nor her

integrity marred; nor even her individual slave-owners have any just cause of complaint.

"The MEXICAN NATION, made up of Spanish blood, combined with aboriginal American, depreciated by age and the worst forms of hereditary depravity, had retrograded from a tolerable degree of civilization into a state of hopeless anarchy. Their National Government, after many protracted struggles, finally lost its vitality, and expired for want of healthful sustenance. MEXICO became the theatre of innumerable blood-thirsty political factions, and bands of robbers. Presently, all the foundations of society were broken up; and no elements were left, suitable for its reconstruction. The Demon of Depopulation flapped his bony wings over the land, and the Genius of Philanthropy, casting one long look of despair upon the doomed nation, took her everlasting flight.

"The American Nation, under the administration of him to whose illustrious memory this MONUMENT is dedicated, raised an army in pity, and sent it forth, hoping to prevent the headlong ruin of this miserable people. But it was all in vain. The stern fiat of Destiny had gone forth. The con-

hand of Death, which never retracts, had already commenced its ghastly work. The waves of Destruction overwhelmed them, and they sank to rise no more.

"The PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, in his annual message to Congress, recommended, '*That Twenty-Five Million Dollars of the national revenue be annually expended in purchasing the emancipation of slaves, from such citizens as might be found willing to dispose of them; and Ten Millions more, in aiding them to remove to the territory of* MEXICO, *and form a colony there, with the ultimate view of becoming an independent State.*'

"This great plan was strongly opposed in many quarters; and many formidable difficulties arose,—Some objected, 'That such a scheme would involve a great national injustice. Some, 'That the slave-owners, generally, would not sell their property at any price.' Some others, 'That when, in process of time, through the operation of this scheme, slave property should become less and less abundant, its price must necessarily advance, and finally become so enormous as to defeat the great object proposed.'

"But the far-seeing projector of the Scheme had

anticipated all *these*, besides many *other* obstacles, to be overcome; and calmly, but perseveringly, urged it on, surmounting one of them after another, till at last its practicability came to be acknowledged by all.

"Soon after this grand Scheme of Emancipation was brought into operation, strange as it may seem, the Slaveholders themselves were its most forward and active abettors—promoting its success in every possible way. The nation took new life. A better feeling pervaded its Councils; and joy, almost equal to that which followed the achievement of the National Independence, prevailed throughout the land. The entire Civilized World partook of the glad feeling, as though a foul stain had been removed from the character of Humanity; as though a huge Incubus had been driven from the World.

"Then did our fallen Race revive. Our claims to be ranked as Human Beings were no longer questioned. After a few years' tutelage under our repentant Step-mother, we took our stand among the nations of the Earth.

"The emigration of emancipated Slaves went on, increasing from year to year. Vast numbers

were liberated by their owners without compensation. At length, the *Peculiar Institution* was thoroughly abolished in every State of the UNION.

"This proud MONUMENT,—looking forth upon the Land where two successive races have grown old and worn themselves out, and been extinguished by their vicious excesses, and have sunk into oblivion,—stands here, and here may it stand till the latest era of Time, not only a Monument to him who should ever be regarded as the *father* and *founder* of this nation; it speaks forth silently, but eloquently, the character, the power, and the genius of the People who erected it.

"He lived and died in the *Nineteenth Century*. His name need not be recorded here—it may be found upon another tablet—the tablet of a Nation's heart."

Now as soon as I had finished reading this Inscription, I descended from the MONUMENT, in search of new curiosities; whereupon my attention was arrested by a most brilliant pageant.

I beheld, at a little distance, in a beautiful grove of Cypress and Orange, great processions of people, assembling, with banners waving and music sweetly

discoursing, forming an immense multitude, as if in anticipation of some Grand Entertainment. I was not long in deciding to join the assembly; eager to see and hear whatever might happen to transpire.

In due time, the Orator arrived and went upon the stand. And after the ordinary preliminaries were settled, he arose and addressed the multitude in the following

ORATION.

"*Fellow Countrymen*:

You have a right, this day, to be the happiest People in all the Earth.

It is not from the current scenes of life that man derives his most exalted emotions. There is a fountain of far deeper feeling and more elevated thought in the panoramic field of view presented by History. In that broad field we may study man in his *comparative* as well as his *positive* character. There the mere *trifles* of life are not visible;—nothing but what has a bearing to exhibit the world in its true light.

As a distant view of a landscape conveys a more just idea of its characteristic features, both as to their

relative and *aggregate* importance, than we can gain from their more immediate inspection,—both because it is more comprehensive, and because each object is there presented to the eye in its relations with every *other*,—in the same manner the distant and wide field of view which *history* affords is the truest medium of studying the *general* as well as the *individual* characteristics of mankind.

In the light of History we should conclude that the Creator of the World had been actuated by the wisest and most benevolent motives,—not only in reference to this nation, but in reference to mankind at large,—in providing it with two Continents; and those so widely separated from each other. It was through this kind provision, only, that the Tree of Liberty, which was planted upon the soil of the New World, had space of time to take deep root and gather strength, to withstand the fierce tornadoes which were appointed to pass over it.

The worst phases of Human Nature had gained ascendency throughout the world. The power of the Tens and the Hundreds was stronger than that of the Millions. And the Tens and the Hundreds, in order to maintain their relative strength, found it

necessary to reduce the Millions to a very low state of dependency and degradation.

Now when Human Nature hath fallen to a certain depth of depravity, the moral principle remaining within it, hath not sufficient strength to elevate it again to its former level.

When the prevailing Dynasties of the Old World had descended to precisely that moral depth at which this power of recovery was lost, how fearfully hopeless must the condition of the Human Family have been, had not the discovery of a New World opened to their subjects, who were less depraved than themselves, a field for the free development of their moral nature, and the establishment of new and rival Institutions, more favorable to the interests of Humanity!

In the *New* World, the subjects of Oppression remembered their tyrants in the *Old*.

Here they soon became a Mighty Power themselves; sworn to resist Oppression in every form even to their hearts' blood. In process of time they declared their Independence of all foreign Rulers; and gloriously did they maintain it, through a strug-

gle of unprecedented severity, which continued seven years.

Their final success was the redemption of the world—the triumph of humanity over the powers of Hell. It was a paralytic stroke to Tyranny from which he never recovered.

But Satan, though sadly frustrated, was not yet disheartened. Promptly he set his wits to work, to devise some plan, and his emissaries, both Human and Infernal, to execute it, by which the promised good might be averted.

This plan was to inaugurate a new set of Tyrants in the New World, of a still deeper dye than the old; hoping to secure for them the ascendency here, just as their prototypes had held it there, seasoned with even more intense and unmitigated cruelty.

But how was this hope to be realized? If in measuring swords with the ardent lovers of Freedom, the field should chance to be lost, what, but inglorious submission to the Angel of Liberty, would remain forever to the Infernal Crew? Obviously, there was a crisis, which demanded the most sagacious counsels and the most skillful and energetic action, of the Powers of Darkness.

The arts of satanic *strategy* were plied, and plied with a vigor and perseverance which had well nigh extinguished the last light of the world—which had well nigh overturned the noble fabric of Liberty, that had been so rapidly and so loftily reared upon the virgin soil of America.

The citadel of the Human Soul was attacked in its least fortified section—the section of Avarice.—Herein the old Serpent fully sustained his character as an adept in the science of Human Nature.

What intellect could have been found in the whole universe, but Satan's own, of shrewdness so exact, of audacity so daring, of malevolence so cruel, as to offer to the Civilized World, the God-insulting idea of traffic in the Bodies and Souls of Men!

The African Slave Trade was introduced to the favor of the American People through the medium of *Avarice*, that most feebly guarded avenue of the heart. Gradually, silently and stealthily, it grew and expanded, and gathered strength and virulence, and twined its serpent-like folds all around the framework of the affections and the sentiments, diffusing its poisonous effluvia through all the substratum of the soul.

Nothing was too sacred for it to violate, or too pure for it to contaminate. No earthly power seemed able to resist it. More intoxicating than wine, it subdued into obsequiousness the mightiest of human intellects. More seductive than women, it drew away from duty and from usefulness the firmest pillars of morality and virtue. It blinded their perceptions, hardened their consciences, and shipwrecked their hopes. More powerful than Rulers or Laws, Constitutions or Majorities, it wormed its way from South to North, overcoming obstacles, undermining walls, overleaping mountains, descending precipices, yielding one point to-day, to gain two points to-morrow; retreating timidly, then advancing fearlessly; now couchant and harmless, passive and stupid, then rampant and dashing, raving and foaming; presumptuous, reckless, threatening, and roaring; with wolfish fangs unsheathed and fiend-like eyes flashing, tearing up the ground, filling the air with dust, and frightening every living thing from its path. The fabled Proteus realized! the spiritual Devil incarnated! with his blue brimstone flames and his Pandora's box and his pit of darkness, transplanted upon the earth!

Thus had African Slavery progressed upon the soil of the New World, until the old principle of Despotism was about to triumph here, as well as across the great deep. It was then that the fate of Humanity trembled, as upon a needle's point.

This crisis had been foreseen, with a shudder of alarm, by many a patriotic statesman and many a pure philanthropist; and various schemes had been undertaken, with a view to arrest the progress of Slavery or to abolish it altogether; all degrees of enthusiasm upon the subject, prevailing, from the freezing point of conservative indifference to the boiling heat of fanatical excitement, to correspond with these different schemes.

One of these schemes was called African Colonization. It originated with the friends of the Institution of Slavery. It was not designed to effect the demolition of this Institution, but had in view, primarily, to relieve it of some of its inconveniences, and to render it less odious to the sense of the world; and secondarily, it was intended, no doubt, as a relief and a benefit to a few of the *slaves*—those who were to fall within its scope.

The Scheme of Colonization proposed, to trans-

port to a foreign shore such of the victims of Slavery as were unprofitable to their owners, such as were freely or by any means, legally, manumitted, and such, finally, as were free by birth-right; there to protect them, for awhile, and to prepare them for self-protection.

In process of time, this Scheme was claimed by another class of persons—a portion of those who professed to dislike Slavery—as an adequate method of removing this evil entirely from the land. It was proposed by them, to raise funds by voluntary contribution, on a large scale; for the triple purpose, of purchasing the freedom, of transporting to Liberia, and there of sustaining and educating, as far as necessary to qualify them for Self-Government, all the slaves in America.

This gigantic undertaking was not to be the work of a day, but of many years; perhaps of ages. If it should ever have been brought to that height of efficiency at which the reduction of the number of Slaves should have exceeded their natural increase, by ever so small a ratio, it is clear that the period must have ultimately arrived when not a single slave would have been left.

But whatever its success in theory, or whatever might have been its final success in practice, could its free and vigorous operation have extended, undisturbed, to the last of time, or, peradventure, into the cycles of eternity, one thing is certain. It never *did* attain to the accomplishment of any thing beyond its original intent, upon the Institution of Slavery.

But GOD, the Almighty, had a purpose of His own to fulfill; and this was the Instrument by which He was pleased to fulfill it. Sun-scorched Africa was not to remain forever the derided of Man, nor the forsaken of GOD. But, from her deep sleep of centuries—her sleep of stolid ignorance, of disgusting barbarism, of moral death—she was to be aroused—resuscitated—by a light brighter than the Sun, by a voice, as from Heaven, calling her up from the grave, warming into vitality the germ of Humanity within her, dispelling the mephitic vapors which had settled down upon her, and scaring away the slimy monsters which had been breeding and fattening upon her corruption for ages.

The Colonization of Liberia opened the gate of Civilization to the Continent of Africa. Her na-

tions are now in their youth; and thus far they have evinced a capacity of manhood at least equal to that of many other nations of modern times, and promise to outlive, in vigor and in greatness, some of those proud sons of the North, with skin of lighter shade, who once laughed them to scorn.

Turn your eyes, for a moment, to those rising Republics stretching along the Nile, spreading over the Mountains of the Moon, and dipping down into their delectable vallies; bearing Civilization, Christianity and Science to the eager minds, the expanding hearts and the pleasant homes, scattered over all those sunny regions; and then say, which is the land most favored of Heaven, *now*.

But Colonization was not the only scheme by which oppression in the New World, in the form of African Slavery, was to be opposed. A party—at first small, weak, and despised, calling themselves Abolitionists, proposing and insisting upon the immediate Abolition of Slavery, it being unconstitutional, contrary to the Fundamental Principles of the American Government, and a violation of the Laws of Humanity—*grew*, in the course of a few years, into a formidable Power.

This party was greatly deficient in a knowledge of the arts of political strife, and not unfrequently indulged in the most extravagant and impracticable views, in regard to the great object of their enterprise. They failed to accomplish, directly, any very essential progress towards its achievement. But they did excellent service, nevertheless, in exposing to the world the enormities of Slavery, and developing the great principles of Christianity, which should govern alike the conduct of nations, communities and men. Whilst, as a party, they were held in derision as ultraists, their doctrines, in a qualified sense, gradually gained favor with all parties in the Free States.

Through the efforts of this party, combined with other great influences, the wrongs of Slavery, and the importance to Humanity as well as to the National prosperity, of its Overthrow, were at length fully conceded by all men and all parties, in whom true patriotism preponderated, against pecuniary self-interest, political ambition, or party ties.

But the true method of operating against an evil so gigantic, so widely spread, and so deeply rooted was a question of such magnitude, as, for a time

to cast every other National topic upon the back-ground. Slavery had come to be regarded as a Moral Cancer upon the Body Politic, which, if neglected, must inevitably extend itself, or diffuse its deadly influence into every vital part of the entire Organism; and finally kill, with a bitter death, the last hope of Humanity—the latest, most beloved and most promising offspring of Heaven—the American Republic.

A voice, from the great heart of Humanity, inquired: "Is there no hope? In the great *Materia Medica* of the Universe, is there no Remedy for so foul and poisonous an Ulcer? After all the fond hope entertained of Young America, by the good and true scattered here and there over the earth, is Oppression, in its most revolting form, to hold the ascendency here, as in all the world? Is this to be the fate of Christianized Man? Must the star of Human Progress forever set? Must the angel of Human Liberty, after tantalizing mankind awhile with her heavenly charms, bid the world an eternal Farewell, leaving the darkness more dismal than ever before? Must Humanity despair? Must Christianity fail? Must God be thus thwarted?

Must Satan thus triumph? And must the Human Race be surrendered to him *en masse*?"

The Government of the United States was one of Majorities; and so great had become the strength, so extensive the influence, so successful the arts, so unscrupulous, so infamous, the measures of the Slavocracy, that, notwithstanding it had hitherto been widely in the Minority, its prospect of a final and decisive victory, even when the entire Opposition had become thoroughly aroused, and had buckled on its armor for the great Life-struggle, was most fearfully threatening.

The leadership of the Opposition had been wretched,—unwise, impolitic, indiscreet, always passionate, always ultra, never practical. New Counsels, a new Policy, new Leaders, new Action, were demanded.

The question of Slavery extension and increase had suddenly become the great question of the day. It had been forced upon the Country by the alarming strides of the Slave Power. The impudent demands of this Power had betrayed its purposes. Its bold recklessness of principle had opened the eyes of the world to its danger. When its infamous purposes were thus boldly unmasked, the North were

seized with wonder and self-condemnation, at their former stupidity and inaction.

The natural and inalienable right of mankind to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness, which had been held sacred, next to Inspiration, by the Fathers and the Sons of the New Government, were declared by this new Power to be a fiction. All the progressive movements, all the advanced Landmarks, which had been established by the American System, of which the Nation and good men, every where, had been so proud, and which had given fair promise of enhancing the value of Human Life by a large per centage, were ruthlessly denounced and trampled under its feet.

Old compacts, entered into by the Fathers of the Government, valuable to the cause of Freedom,—sanctioned by all the succeeding generation, and regarded sacred as the very Constitution of the Country, upon the most fallacious pretexts, had been torn up by its commands and given to the winds.

The time had now come for every man to choose his ground. Slavery had hitherto been made a minor question by the great Political Parties: it could now be made so no longer. No man, who had eyes

or ears, could any longer doubt its determination to gain every advantage possible, either by fair or foul means.

Patriotism, nor Philanthropy, had now no time, nor no effort, to spare for any other enterprise but that of resisting and destroying this gigantic Enemy of the Country, and of the World. All parties, who laid any claim to either of these attributes, had now no choice but to unite and come to the rescue. The conduct of the Slaveocracy was so transparent, that even the mists of Sophistry could no longer obscure its purposes from the most ordinary eyes.

There was much maneuvering by the different political parties of the North. They each had some darling principles to forego and many convulsive throes to endure, in severing the ties which had so long held them together.

But a majority of all the Free States did at length join themselves together into one overwhelming phalanx, and did elect a majority of both Legislative Chambers at Washington, pledged to wage war with the *Peculiar Institution*, and to employ every Constitutional weapon to abolish it.

They also placed in the Presidential Seat tha

pure and persistent patriot, that true and clear-seeing Statesman, that unpretending philanthropist, that mighty conqueror who fought only with the weapons of love and peace, and gloriously saved his country, whose monument stands yonder, erected by a grateful People, but whose famous acts are recorded within a shrine which will outlast that proud Structure; the influence of whose character will reach forward to the latest generations of Mankind.

The Houses of Congress proceeded at once to discharge the duties of their Mission, in good earnest.

1. They restored the Missouri Compromise.

2. They repealed the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850.

3. They abolished Slavery in the District of Columbia; but with a proviso, recommended by the President, that each and every owner of Slaves should be equitably remunerated for his Slave property out of the *National Treasury*.

4. They abolished the Slave Trade between the citizens of different States.

5. They enacted a law, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States,

granting to all Slaves everywhere the Trial by Jury, under any and every charge brought against them.

6. They bestowed upon the Slave, all the privileges and immunities guarantied by the Constitution, to the White Citizen, excepting only such as were inconsistent with the state of Slavery.

7. They proclaimed the new doctrine, That Congress possessed the power, under the Constitution, to abolish Slavery in all the States; on the ground that Slavery itself was Unconstitutional, at war with the spirit and first principles of the Government; and that it was a crime against Nature, and against God, and consequently could not be legalized by man.

The writhing of the Slave-Demon was truly awful to behold. When he discovered his failure to hold the ascendency of power, at a moment when he congratulated himself that the final triumph was within his reach—when he had contemplated to secure it beyond all contingency by his very next step, having counted upon the dough-faces and divisions of the North, to further his ends, as formerly—when he saw how he had surrendered his lofty

position of power, without the least necessity, entirely through foolish self-confidence and bravado, by which the Lion of the North had been aroused at last—when he awoke from his dream of Glory and of Universal Dominion, and found himself shorn of his locks, and beheld the green withes, that they would not yield—then there was a scene of raving, of gnashing, and of self-torture, which might well have excited the admiration of the lower Tophet.

As Leviathan, the Ocean Monarch—after long roaming unopposed throughout the Mighty Deep, causing all the inhabitants thereof to flee from his presence with fear—as he feels at last the whaleman's harpoon sinking deep into his vitals, admonishing him that the hour has come when his proud Sovereignty must cease forever—as he plunges and roars and lashes the ocean into foam, making it boil like a caldron, yet leaving his conquerors unharmed—so, this Foul Monster of the Earth—when he at last found himself the captured instead of the conqueror, and felt the iron of Liberty piercing his bowels and tearing asunder his liver—you may well suppose that the tempest was a terrible one, and the struggle furious indeed.

The people of the Southern States [it was in these only that Slavery existed] undertook to resist the action of the North, touching their darling Institution, in every way their ingenuity could devise.

A Convocation was summoned, of all the leading Spirits of the South, to hold a Council in reference to the Disastrous *Crisis;* and if possible, by an intercourse between noddles, to conceive and bring forth a bantling, so horribly ill-shapen and so shockingly frightful, as to scare the timid North into quiet submission again.

After a somewhat tedious and painful labor, the following Preamble and Resolutions were brought forth, To wit:

'Whereas, the Abolitionists of the North have pursued their Brethren of the South with all manner of abuse and persecution, interfering with our domestic affairs, and causing us infinite perplexity and damage; and whereas we have continually remonstrated with them and with the Federal Authorities, against such unwarranted and injurious treatment, but without the least successful result; and whereas, instead of any remission in this unkind and unneighborly conduct, we have of late been made t

feel more keenly than ever before, the futility of all possible efforts, on our part, at conciliation; and whereas, finally, we of the South have endured these wrongs and provocations, which are too numerous to admit of, and too notorious to need recital, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue: therefore,

'Resolved, that all Political Connection hitherto existing between the Southern States, [here naming them] and those of the North, known as the Free States, is now, henceforth, and forever, solemnly Dissolved; and that the States above named, now cease to form and constitute part and parcel of the great Political Unity known hitherto as the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

'Resolved, that both branches of the Legislature at Washington, be forwarded each an official copy of the above resolution, signed and sealed by the officers of this Convention.

'Resolved, that all the Southern members of those Legislative bodies, be requested to abandon their seats and return home to their constituents.

'Resolved, that the initial steps be now taken to establish a new Confederacy, to be called the UNITED STATES SOUTH, and to organize a Government for its protection.'

When the news of these proceedings reached the Federal city, the entire delegation from the South, in both Houses, promptly resigned their membership.

There was considerable alarm manifested at the North, and even at Washington, and much speculation indulged concerning the consequences of so high-handed a measure. It was now felt, and could now no longer be denied, that the South were really and desperately in earnest. A great variety of views were entertained, with regard to the importance of the transaction. But the course for the Administration to pursue in this crisis, was a question which was generally admitted to involve interests of startling magnitude.

Some persons, in high position, advised a *coup d'etat*. They would march a large body of forces into the centre of the South, and all along their route proclaim *Emancipation*.

Others, more considerate, argued, that such a step, although it would doubtless be crowned with success, so far as to subdue the rebellion, could never be justified, under the Democratic Creed, with the spirit of which it would be as much at variance

as with Slavery itself;—that it would inspire the South with still deeper hatred towards the North, and would prevent all possibility—or, at least, greatly increase the difficulty—of subsequent reconciliation.

Some advised the immediate arrest and condign punishment of the Leaders of the Rebellion, with so much promptness and severity, and with such an air of majesty, as to overawe the entire Southern Community. But this was thought, by others again, to be a very dubious policy, to say the least; as every arrest and execution would, in their opinion, be likely to produce at least ten new Leaders, each more desperate than the former.

Another class of people advised, to let the South go their own way, and manage their own affairs as they pleased—allowing them to proceed, unmolested, with their proposed New Government. This course was confidently urged upon two grounds.—First, because it would be very sure to work a radical cure of the evil, by demonstrating to the ardent South their inability to sustain themselves in their new relations; thereby inducing a repentance which would be sincere and lasting. Secondly, on the

Democratic Rule laid down in the famous American Declaration, that every People, under Heaven, possesses the inherent right to choose its own form of Government.

The case, in every aspect, was sufficiently discouraging; and the entire country, North and South, was overcast with a thick cloud of despondency and gloom.

The President of the United States, although more deeply than any other man involved in the responsibilities of the occasion, was about the only individual that could be found in the country who seemed fully to comprehend all the points in the case, and to possess his soul in perfect calmness.

The course which he pursued was probably the only one which would have proved effectual, and *he* was probably the only man living who could have pursued even *that* course with success. Beyond all doubt, he was the chosen instrument of Divine Providence to save his country, and the rest of mankind, from the Demon of Oppression and of Slavery. Conscious of his own strength, but leaning upon a Higher Power, and guided by a Higher Law than any human enactment, he calmly and courageously

addressed himself to the dangerous, but sublime Undertaking.

First of all, he issued a Proclamation, addressed to the People of the North, and especially to the Northern Press, in which he earnestly recommended a suppression of all unkindness and ill feeling towards the South; enumerating the many difficulties which surrounded the Slave States, and the sad embarrassments and cruel misfortunes which the Institution of Slavery had entailed upon them, and that without their own original agency.

Then, turning to the People of the South, he addressed to them the following Communication.

THE LETTER.

'*Citizens of the Great South*:

Gladly would I meet you face to face and greet you, and hold friendly conversation with you. But a privilege so great being impracticable, with a friendly heart I send you this Letter.

'Since the beginning of the World, mankind have occasionally been visited by critical Epochs.—Some of these have been pregnant with the destinies

of the Human Race through all subsequent generations. Others, although affecting the direction of human affairs in some degree, have been of comparatively trifling moment. Some Crises have an especial bearing upon the interests of *nations* merely, and affect the world at large but secondarily and partially; whilst others have no peculiar national interest, but send forth their streams of joy or of woe into all lands and to every human habitation; affecting posterity, perchance, even more than the current generations.

'No Crisis which has visited the world, or any portion of it, in modern times, has sustained relations to the destinies either of a nation or of mankind, so transcendently important, as the one which at this moment rests both upon this Country and the World.

'No man living is exempt from responsibility. But the *weight* of responsibility which rests upon men, depends upon the extent of their power, for good or for evil, upon the Human Race. And the extent of this power is measured, in part, by the circumstances which surround them, over which they have no control. By this rule, perhaps no People

that ever existed have sustained a weight of responsibility so immense as that which now rests upon this Nation. Well will it be for us, and fortunate for mankind, if we but comprehend, in due time, its just import and bearing.

'Mankind, generally, possess the ability to comprehend the events of the *past*, and by the light of History, to judge with much correctness of the former acts of men. Some also enjoy such a shrewd faculty and taste, for combining and comparing the transactions of the *past*, as to predict, with considerable accuracy, the events of the *future*. But we meet with very few persons indeed, who are gifted with both the ability and inclination to study and comprehend, with a just judgment, the circumstances and tendencies of the *present* time, especially those by which they are immediately surrounded, and in which themselves are involved.

'It had been an inestimable blessing to the world in all ages, had this last mentioned faculty been more generally and more liberally bestowed. The *present* being the only period of which we can avail ourselves, to hold communion with the rest of the world, and present events being the only medium

through which we can, by any possibility, affect the interest of others, the truest ambition of all men would consist in studying, and earnestly desiring to understand the real and the relative importance of passing events; and in employing present instrumentalities, most advantageously, to promote the welfare of their Country and of the entire human race.

'Let us look at the present Crisis of affairs in our Country, and of human affairs generally. The true elements of Society are sadly unbalanced throughout the world, and have been so from time immemorial. The masses of mankind, in all ages, up to the present time, have been uniformly degraded, to such a degree that life with them, to say the least, has been a barren waste; yielding at least as large a revenue of suffering and sorrow as of joy and pleasure,—as large an aggregate of pain and misery as of comfort and happiness. The few, who stand in the relation to them of masters, contrive, it is true, to render their own lives, in some instances, happy, in many, comfortable, and in most instances, tolerable. But, in general, the enjoyment, even of these—the rich and the powerful—falls far below the standard of happi-

ness which they *might* attain, under a different and a better order of things.

'The history and present condition of Europe, which represent the highest grade of civilization in the Old World, are forcible and glaring illustrations of this truth.

'The complicated, confused and changing strife now in progress upon that blood-steeped Continent, in which the two elements of Oppression and Servitude have at length come to be the principal contestants, although originating in other causes, has, beyond all doubt, taken its present character and shaped its present direction from the proud example which this glorious Country of our own has furnished.—Would to God that the indications were more promising of a final triumph of *Liberty*, and the ability to sustain it.

'But what is this example which we have furnished? Of all the steps from downright barbarism which man has ever advanced, the step which our Revolutionary Fathers took, was by far the most important, and if properly maintained by their children, by far the most beneficial to Humanity. They stepped from the platform of *the Divine Right of*

Kings, to that of *Human Equality*. It was a bold and far-reaching step. It took the world by surprise. But, for a long time, it was not regarded by the nations, as a *practical* one. It was regarded as a dream of the imagination,—a political *flourish*, merely. And the old Establishments curled their lips with a disdainful smile, and pronounced our Glorious Declaration as only one step, in a revolutionary career, which must ultimately land us, all covered with blood and shame, upon the old platform again. And they shook their wise heads and pitied us.

'But in spite of all their wisdom and pity, and in spite of all opposition, open or concealed, the great Experiment has succeeded gloriously. Its success has advanced the value of life, to the masses of the people, by more than fifty per cent. The man who for the sake of any personal consideration, would sacrifice it, or wantonly reverse its results, or annul its influence, or obliterate the lesson which it teaches to the struggling nations of the world, must be of unsound mind, or excited by passion,—or he must hold in his composition more of the demon than of the man.

'Citizens of the great South: Would you permit your names to be recorded in the annals of your country, as barriers to the success of this grand philanthropic Experiment? However partial to the Institution of Slavery your views, your interests, or your prejudices may be, are you willing to suffer martyrdom in defence of those views, interests, and prejudices? and with that self-inflicted martyrdom to ruin the superstructure of Freedom, so nobly reared upon our soil? and in this fearful ruin to bury the dearest hopes of mankind? Would you bequeath to your children the fragments of our glorious Constitution, and the bitter fruits of Anarchy? Is Slavery preferable to Freedom? Do you prefer to be the owners and masters of slaves, rather than be free yourselves, and citizens of the most free and happy land that the sun ever shone upon? Can you derive from the teachings of History or the lessons of the present time, any encouragement in resisting a free and liberal Government, for the sake of maintaining oppression in its most obnoxious form?

'Admitting the North to be wrong and yourselves to be right, upon this question of Slavery—admitting this Institution to be, not merely a harmless,

but even a *benevolent* one, still you will hardly claim that it preponderates in value, against all the institutions of a Free Government. Whilst a majority of the nation, and those who, not being personally interested in the question of its perpetuity, are best situated to judge correctly of its character; and whilst all the Civilized World besides, who are equally disinterested, unite, as with one voice, in condemning it; can it be regarded as less than arrogance or even presumption in you, to insist upon its preservation? Will posterity—will your own consciences, justify the position which you have assumed?

'Where is your boasted Democracy? Whilst in the *ascendency*, you have ever been great sticklers for the supremacy of *majorities*. Were you not so from principle?

'Come back, fellow-citizens, to your former dignified position. Give up Slavery; and as sure as Heaven is above and God is true, you shall have no cause of regret.

'It is not the intention of this Government to deprive you of your property—or what you may regard your property—in slaves, without ample remuneration. However unjust and full of evil we may

consider the institution of Slavery, it did not *originate* with you, and you cannot be justly charged with its guilt; unless you shall undertake to resist the course of events, wisely, safely and peacefully, tending to its abrogation. If any guilt be implied in its existence and toleration up to the present moment, it fastens with far greater justice upon this Government than upon you. You may be well assured, fellow-citizens, that no law will be passed, with my approval, requiring the emancipation of even *one* slave, without full provision for a just compensation to the owner, fixed upon by some equitable rule.

'Should you have the misfortune to succeed in your sorry project of severing the Union, what, in the name of God, would you accomplish? To the human souls in distant lands, all over the world, struggling, toiling and suffering under the cruel lash of Tyranny, the steady, serene light, beaming forth from our glorious escutcheon, advising them of peace and prosperity and happiness here, is a Star of Promise; inspiring them with new hope, and giving them new strength; but piercing those ministers of Satan who hold the reins of Oppression, as with stings of scorpions.

'Dare you extinguish this Beacon? It is a dark and cloudy night upon the sea; the waves roll high, and dangerous rocks threaten on every hand; and many a weary bark, freighted with a nation's last and most cherished hopes, is struggling for the shore. Dare you obscure this Light? It is their only guide; and if you quench it, they must go down. GOD is above! Be merciful to the poor mariner.

[Signed] THE PRESIDENT.'

When this communication was received and digested, by the fire-eaters of the South, 'behold there was a great calm.' Never did magician, with his wand, produce more marvelous results. Had those enchanted syllables which were wont to cause such strange metamorphoses, in days of yore, been sounded from the lungs of old Pluto himself—waving his mysterious wand over all the realms of Slavedom—a change more sudden and magic-like, in the countenances, conversations and feelings of the people there, could not have been wrought.

Its language was so mild; the spirit which it breathed was so kind and Christian; it was so exempt from all authoritative ostentation and all in-

sinuations respecting physical force; it was so liberal in its sentiments, so just in its demands, so earnest in its appeals, so wise in its suggestions, so friendly and even affectionate, in its tone; and last, not least, the assurances which it contained, of ample remuneration for all slave property surrendered—altogether, in general, and the last named consideration in particular—fell upon the great threatening thunder-cloud which had overhung the entire South, and cast its portentous shadow over all the North—fell like the sunbeams of the morning, calling home its electricity, and converting the residue into the most harmless vapor, which soon vanished away.

And thus the Storm-Spirit was *laid*; the tempest was stilled; and instead of the terrific hurricane and the rattling thunderbolt, behold, a sound came stealing up from the South, so gentle and so musically sweet,

> 'That Orpheus himself, could he have heard it,
> Had hung his harp upon a willow tree.'

The Southern People, with all their presumption, had shrewdness enough to calculate, that Slavery could not long be maintained, and flourish, in opposition to the united sentiment of all the civil-

ized world. Neither could they fail to perceive the disadvantages which they must unavoidably incur, on account of their *peculiar institution*, in separating from the North and forming themselves into a new Confederacy; the very birth of which must convert four million Slaves into *prisoners of war*.

And when they received, from the very highest authority, an assurance of indemnity against all pecuniary sacrifice, in the surrender of their slave property, it was clearly the wisest policy for them to make a virtue of necessity, and to do it in as graceful a manner as possible.

It was even whispered, that some shrewd Yankee had ventured to *guess*, that the great Southern Rebellion, with its overwhelming Convention, its Treasonable Resolutions, and all its tremendous bluster, was, after all, but a deeply laid plot—a bold stroke of generalship—for the precise purpose of saving all they could—of saving at least *something*—from what they were compelled to regard in the light of a sinking ship.

But be that as it may, the South were conciliated, and the North were satisfied; and whatever sacrifice the one party might have incurred, in the

surrender of their favorite property, or the other, in bearing their proportion of the incidental, pecuniary loss—compared to the substantial *good* which resulted, either to the country at large, to the entire world of humanity, to the African Race, or even to the South itself, from so just, so judicious, and so amicable (?) a settlement of the question—the most difficult question that ever vexed the world—it was a sacrifice only to be regarded as you would regard a light cloud, obscuring for a single moment the effulgence of the sun, and then passing forever away.

This was one of the most beneficent of human triumphs; and furnished one of the most luminous pages in the History of the World.

Behold that mighty Ocean Steamer! the Pride and Glory of the World! laden with precious freight and a thousand noble passengers. She rides forth upon the dashing flood, as though it had no terrors for her at all—dropping far into the distance, all competitors, of whatever name or power. Conscious of her supremacy, and pitying the toilsome and futile efforts of other Craft to keep within sight of her, she glides triumphantly on, her Keel deep in the billows, her Colors playing in the clouds, and

her great Hulk spreading out upon the water, like a broad, floating island. The storm, which sends many a strong vessel down, with a groan, to the chambers of the deep, disturbs not her motion, nor retards her progress. There is no fear, nor dread, nor irksome toil, aboard; but all is joy and happiness and hilarity. She seems the height of excellence in the Shipwright's art, and her management, the perfection of Seamanship.

But behold, in the midst of all her security, a smell, as of *fire*, ascends from the depths of the cargo, far down in the bowels of the ship. At first it is regarded as a very slight thing, and attracts but little attention. But presently a fearful *crackling* is heard; and smoke—real, visible smoke—bursts up through every chink of the cargo, and every aperture of the vessel. That splendid ship—the Queen of the Ocean Wave, is on fire!

The alarm—the struggle—begins. The engines are brought out. Buckets and hods are manned all over, and all the crew and all the passengers are striving might and main, to save her from the devouring flames.

But in spite of all their efforts, the fire still rages

in the hold, and hope begins to die. The Life-boats are unshipped, and preparations are in hasty progress to abandon the noble Vessel to her fate.

But stop! A passenger, of lofty and resolute bearing, steps forth, and speaks in tones of Authority and of Encouragement. His face is clothed with a serene smile, and there is magic in his voice. All the passengers, as one man, listen to his words and await his command. "Smother the fire. Stop the ingress of air. Close every avenue. Stuff in cotton. Throw on blankets, cushions, any thing within reach, to choke the fire!"

Quick as thought, the command is obeyed.—Bales of cotton, clothing, curtains, cushions, all things, come to the rescue. And wonderful to tell! the flames are subdued, the fire is extinguished, without the sacrifice of a single life.

Then burst forth a shout of Thanksgiving and Joy, which rent the air for many leagues around, and went up to Heaven from that rescued Ship.

And thus it was with the American Ship of State. A mighty and noble Structure was she; unequaled in all the world, in symmetry of form, in strength, in motive power, and in the beauty and excellence

of her rigging. Newly built and constructed upon a new and improved plan, she was the Pride and Hope of the Nations. No attack from external foes could move her. They all feared to arouse her anger, and stood in obsequious awe of her. But she had an *internal* enemy.

The fire of *African Slavery* lurked within her recesses, and took hold of her entrails. It crackled and raged and smoked and gnawed away, creeping all through the net-work of the vessel, and fastening upon every combustible thing it could find. A little longer delay of efficient action, and the American Ship had been reduced to an unlovely and smouldering Wreck, in spite of all possible efforts to save her. But God was merciful.

Just at the critical moment, when the last gleam of hope was expiring, a Voice was heard ringing throughout the length and breadth of the great Ship, demanding a new effort in her behalf, and promising success. That Voice struck the Key-note of the Human Heart. The Vital energy was attacked anew. The fire was extinguished. The Ship and all her passengers [illegible] vessel, and cheerfully proceeded on their voyages. Many shouted Thanks-

giving and Praise ascended to God from all the Nations.

The old Mexican Race, which but a little more than a century ago, dwelt in this proud City, and overspread the mountains and vallies of this broad and stupendous Country, had, for many years, been torn with intestine wars, by which they had been reduced to a state of barbarism and anarchy. The people divided themselves into small parties, which soon degenerated into mere banditti; and gradually, but rapidly, they resumed the life of the savage. All civil Government was abjured, and the cities and villages were deserted, and the fields were laid waste.

As the principle of moral vitality lost its power and activity within them, so also did that of the intellectual and the physical.

At length it became obvious to all the Civilized World, that Mexico was destined to be depopulated by her own hand. The American President interfered, with his power, and attempted to rescue her from so sad and pitiful a doom. But it was in vain. The seeds of Destruction had been scattered broadcast over the Land and had taken deep root, and in

their exuberant growth, had checked and suffocated every other production. And inevitable Destruction was the only fruit which they yielded.

As soon as the Southern States of America had become acquainted with the policy of the General Government, and were fully reconciled to it; they proceeded to elect new Members to Congress, so that the wheels of State soon moved on again, harmoniously.

It was then that the honored President of the United States recommended, in his annual Message to Congress, those Measures which consummated the Salvation and the Glory of his own Country, and secured for our persecuted Race, a national existence; which laid the foundation for our present prosperous condition and our advanced position in the scale of Civilized Nations.

He proposed to Congress, 'That the Slaves should be purchased from their owners, by Government, at equitable prices, and, as far as possible, removed to the depopulated territory of Mexico; and that they should there be assisted, at the expense, and under the direction of Government, in whatever manner and degree necessary, to secure their comfort for the present, and their prosperity for the future.'

Although this proposition met with much strong opposition at first, it was finally adopted by both Houses of Congress, and became a Law of the Land; together with the Appropriation of Thirty-five Million Dollars; to be expended, immediately, in the execution of its provisions, and in anticipation of a like appropriation, as nearly as convenient, annually.

Many long and tedious years were consumed in the prosecution of this work;—a work which could never have been accomplished except by a people of the most indomitable perseverance and gigantic power. But the work is done. And here we stand, a living, a glorious, and may Heaven grant, a perpetual, monument of the wisdom, the philanthropy, the patriotism and the vigor, which projected, directed and executed, the Scheme of our Liberation.

Fellow Citizens of Mexico:

You all understand the History of your own Race. You have all traced, in your minds, the long and winding way by which you have been brought from the savage state in Africa, through the rugged paths of American Slavery, and landed upon this soil;—this new home of Civilization, of Freedom and

of Happiness. No other nation, upon this Earth, can claim a history, so full of strange and varied interest, as you.

Mexicans: May this history never be your Opprobrium. May yourselves be the people who shall study it most carefully and profit by it most largely. So may you convert the enormous Evil inflicted upon your fathers, into an infinite Good to yourselves and your children.

Reflect not with severity upon those who have been instrumental in the fearful work of your Transformation; but regard them as the ministers of God, whose plans have all been laid in mercy. If, by their instrumentality, you were made to pass through the Valley and Shadow of Death, by it also you were led forth from Egyptian Darkness, and brought safely into the Promised Land.

You are now beyond the reach of external danger. Your former masters and persecutors have, by Heaven's decree, become your friends and protectors. Well have they atoned for the cruelty of their past conduct towards you. And, in redeeming you from the Damnation of Slavery, and securing to you this national Salvation, nobly have they redeemed their

own souls from a deeper curse, and conferred upon their own nation a glorious Destiny.

This day, Mexicans, is your Centennial Birth-day. On the Fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord 1900, your American protectors, having established for your fathers a form of Government, similar to their own beautiful and glorious one, and having discharged for you, during your National minority, the responsibilities which it imposed—declared you independent of all Earthly Power, save that with which God Himself had invested you. Then, and here, upon this hallowed ground, they delivered into your hands the reins of this Government, solemnly charging you to wield them with Firmness, with Moderation, with Fidelity, and with Faith in God Almighty.

Thus far have you discharged your high trust faithfully and successfully. Thus far have you given the world assurance of a high order of Humanity.

But indulge, therefore, in no vain-glory. Remember that the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance. And Vigilance, to preserve so priceless a treasure inviolate, must be armed with the helmet of Wisdom, the breast-plate of Temperance, the sword of Knowl-

edge, and the shield of Virtue. And with such a sentinel, thus armed, you may bid defiance to every Foe.

To sustain a Republic in its highest character, there is no alternative, but every citizen must understand his sovereign duties, and conscientiously and faithfully perform them.

The measure of excellence which attaches to a Government, will always be proportionate to the average character of those from whom it proceeds. It argues great folly in any people, to boast of their Government, or *form* of Government, whilst Vice, or Ignorance, or Superstition, is prevalent among its constituency. No stream can ever be purer than its fountain.

The accession to a country, of new governmental elements of inferior quality, in whatever respect, must inevitably lower the character and value of its Government, just in proportion as it reduces the average of moral and intellectual power, of the entire mass from which that Government flows. The rule is a mathematical one. And from the nature of things, it can never fail in its results.

Let Education be made universal, and the Cardi-

nal Virtues of Christianity, by their individual prevalence, control the national Councils, and in the Name of God, I pronounce your Country safe.—Upon any other basis, you will sink to Ruin, to Shame, and to Perdition—or History is a lie, and God eternal is false."

The Oration was finished, and the Orator retired. Every word which had been uttered was fastened in my memory as if written upon brass. But I heard no more; for amid the sweet strains of music which then burst forth from the band, filling all the air with delight, I was aroused from my revery, by a still *sweeter voice*—when I found myself reclining, in the cool of the evening, upon a rustic lounge, in the farthest corner of my garden.

END OF VISION SECOND.

Vision Third.

THE TRIAL OF BEELZEBUB

The Scene is laid in the Infernal World.
The Time is A. D. 3000.

THE

TRIAL OF BEELZEBUB.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE BY THE INHABITANTS OF THE LOWER REGIONS; IN WHICH ARE DISCUSSED SOME QUESTIONS OF TERRESTRIAL IMPORT; AND SOME HISTORICAL TRANSACTIONS, RESULTING IN SATAN'S EXPULSION FROM THE EARTH, AND IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NEW EDEN.

"A black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horrors of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness."

Why one so humble as myself should have been chosen from the rest of mankind, as a medium of Revelation, I know not.

I offer the character of the matter revealed as the only support, and I may say as a *satisfactory* support, of its authenticity. For myself, what I or *others* may be disposed to think, my faith in its supernal origin

is so deeply fixed that no human influence could possibly stir it.

Every man has his part assigned him in the Drama of Life. I desire to be true to mine. And whoever shall be counted worthy to read these pages may regard himself as holding a high rank upon the stage; and as being appointed to sustain in that Drama, an important character, which must be honored or degraded by his acting.

I care not what you call it. A name is not much. Reader dear, take your choice. A dream; an essay; a vision; a trance; a revelation. That is a minor point. I shall not be strenuous on that.

It was night. I had just sunk upon my pillow. Thoughts of the great Future and speculations upon Human Destiny had been teeming through my brain. Suddenly, a new and mysterious Power encircled me; which raised me up, like a feather, and bore me swiftly away through space.

And yet I might be mistaken. Instead of distance in space it might have been a change of scenery. Who can tell? The very air we breathe may be filled with spirits. And only a few additional senses

may be requisite for us to perceive a new, and perchance, a far more interesting world than this.

And it also might have been a distance of time. Poor mortals never think of that. Or they think of it only as a misty thing of the imagination. They can live in the Past only by History or by Memory; and in the Future, only upon the wing of Ideality. So men think, and so it ordinarily is. The transmission of one's real presence from the present to any other period of time, so far from being regarded as a real occurrence, can scarcely be conceived of, except as an incomprehensible quality of God.

How narrow is the range of human conception! How little do we think, before the curtain rises, what imposing scenes and what astounding tableaux are ready to burst upon our view! And even beyond those, what complications,—what magic-like changes,—are still in reserve for us, behind the next curtain!

This Universe is the Theater of God! And if *man*, by his ingenuity, can overwhelm us with astonishment, at his *mimic* miracles, may not the *Omnipotent* Manager, if it shall please Him, raise a curtain, and open to our view, scenes which our fancy never painted? and show us miracles which are *real!*

THE VISION.

I stood,—or seemed to stand—upon an eminence. The country around me, on every side, extended very far, and was made up of hills, vallies and plains.—These were covered all over with sandy barrens, huge, unshapely rocks, frightful precipices, dismal swamps and morasses, dens and deep ravines, scragged, leafless trees, and old demolished woodlands.

All of nature's hardest and most unsightly features seemed to have been collected here, and so arranged as to produce the largest possible amount of horror in the beholder.

It was twilight :—not an ordinary twilight, such as morning and evening are wont to furnish the mortal dwellers upon earth,—but a mingling of darkness with a purplish, lurid *light* : for scattered here and there, all about, as far as I could see, were burning pits, sending up streams of blue flame. And they served to exhibit this most malicious combination of nature's most unseemly parts, in their unkindliest aspect.

The atmosphere was filled with smoke, mingled with a disagreeable sulphuric stench. The sky had

neither sun nor planet, nor ray of light; and there was naught to be seen above, but a boundless expanse of inky blackness.

Then there were innumerable *sounds*, which harmonized well with the ghastly scene. There were sounds like the hissing of serpents, the howling of dogs, the bursting of artillery, the roaring of subterranean fires, the clashing of hostile armies, groans of agony, screeches of fright, and wailings of despair.

And all through the air, and all over the ground, I saw living beings, of various shapes and sizes, but all most hideous and revolting to the sight. They, for the most part, represented the human form, with an infinite variety of deformities, or combined, in the most shocking manner, with the forms of the inferior animals. There were great serpents, and crocodiles, and wolves, and leopards, and hyenas; all with human heads, and many with human hands and feet. And they all had wings. There were flying horses, and flying cattle, and dragons and satyrs, with black skinny wings, like bats' wings. And they flew about, flapping them slowly, in the air, just overhead.

And now and then these beings would utter

strange and unnatural sounds, indicative of deep anguish. And their countenances—which ever and anon were so turned that I could distinguish their features, by the light of the blue flames—were clothed with expressions of remorse and of bitter woe; mingled with traces of every evil passion and infernal purpose.

As I observed these deformed creatures attentively, I perceived that they could poise themselves in mid air, motionless; or dart away, swift as thought, through space. Many of them, at first, seemed engaged in some foreign enterprise; as numbers were constantly disappearing in the black darkness above, and others constantly emerging from it.

For a long time I stood aghast and motionless; surveying with my eye the awful and mysterious scene.

At a distance of several furlongs from where I stood, was a notable eminence. It was much better illuminated than any other point which I had observed, and seemed the great center—perhaps I might say, the Capital—of the Realm. I observed that all who went abroad, first visited that Mount, as if to receive their *commission* thence: and that

all who returned, first halted there, as if to pay their respects, and report the measure of their success, to the Supreme Power.

At length, while I stood silently gazing upon this infernal scene, paralyzed with horror, my attention was suddenly arrested by a great noise—a voice, louder than a thousand trumpets—which seemed to proceed from this Mount. It was so very harsh and thrilling, that it jarred all the atmosphere, echoing from the hill sides and bluffs, and from the black vault above, rolling off in the distance, and inundating the mountains and plains, to the farthest verge of Hell.

Thus it spake:

"PRINCES and POWERS of the great Deep! Black and Grey, Mean and Courageous, Small and Great! Come forth from your Retreats! Come forth from your labors of Malice, from your dark Dens and your burning Caves! Come forth, and assemble upon MOUNT CHAOS! before the August Throne of the Majesty of Hell!"

For a single moment then, there was silence as profound as death. All the multitudinous noises below and around, by some mysterious influence, had

instantly died away. I was shocked quite as much by so strange and sudden a stillness, as I had been previously, by the terrible din and uproar.

But soon there was another change. All again was confused noise and motion. But the sounds were now of a different character; being more like the bustle and clang of military parade. The different varieties of Spirits separated themselves from each other, and formed into military companies, with Leaders of different grades. Each company was composed of members, uniform in shape, size and appearance; with Leaders, in whom seemed concentrated and reflected all the characteristic vices of their respective battalions.

As soon as these companies were formed, they all proceeded, in great regularity, to march forward in the direction of the Central Mount, in accordance with the Supreme Command. But they marched without any music. Nor did I hear, during all my visit in this infernal country, a solitary musical sound.

For the space of an hour, these companies continued to pour in from afar, until they had formed an innumerable multitude, extending as far as I

could see; densely covering all the mountain sides, vallies and plains. The Leaders then advanced, and assembled upon MOUNT CHAOS; in the immediate presence of the Royal Commander in Chief.

Desiring to change my position to a more central point of this great pageant, and feeling myself securely protected by a superior Power, fearless, I arose from the ground; and with the very slightest exertion, I found myself stationed upon an elevation, just in front of the great Throne, upon Mount Chaos. There I stood, conspicuous, but apparently unnoticed, surrounded on all sides by the assembly of monsters which I have very imperfectly attempted to describe.

It was a spectacle whose every feature impressed itself too deeply upon my memory, for one jot of it ever to be forgotten.

Before and above me was the Monarch of Hell, sitting upon his great Black Throne. If you combine the forms of all ferocious and hateful beasts, and all disgusting reptiles, into one—then crown the monster with a human head, and imagine him of colossal proportions, and his dark countenance pregnant with every vile thought and baleful purpose—

you will, even then, gain but a faint notion of the huge and terrific reality.

From around his feet ascended volumes of smoke, as from ignited brimstone ; through which his iron-like scales might be seen, now and then, dimly glistening in the purple firelight.

Over MOUNT CHAOS, in the black canopy, there was a small space of light, which I perceived was an opening. And it was exceedingly bright. Sometimes it was intercepted from my view by the wreaths of dense, sulphureous smoke which were constantly ascending and slowly disappearing in the awful chasm of darkness which yawned above.

But occasionally, by looking steadily through this opening, I beheld a most beautiful sight. It was a *Great City*, so brilliant and so glorious, and presenting so fearful a contrast with the regions which surrounded me, that I could hardly endure the sight of it. And, although situated at an immense distance, I beheld and could distinguish its inhabitants, who seemed to be angels. And there were thousands and tens of thousands of them, flying about upon golden wings. Many of them had in their hands harps and others golden instruments.—

And their motions were all indicative of great happiness and joy.

This, I perceived, was the source of light, by which MOUNT CHAOS was so much better illuminated than any other locality in all the land of Tophet.

When all the mighty Names of the Deep, with all their infernal Legions, were assembled in the presence of his Majesty, forming an array more tremendous and imposing than mortal eyes have ever beheld, or human imagination ever conceived, the KING OF HELL, with a voice whose deep, jarring thunder tones betrayed his supremacy, addressed the huge multitude thus:

SATAN'S OPENING HARANGUE.

"*Princes and Potentates:*

The Occasion which demands this Convocation, is without precedent in the annals of Hell.

Remember ye the unlucky Morning when your OMNIPOTENT PERSECUTOR thundered ye forth from those blazing battlements yonder, and plunged ye sprawling into this blistering mire? Since that

event, no disaster hath befallen us so direful as the one which threatens us now. What signify all our successes? What though worlds upon worlds are our trophies? Our richest gem lost, our strongest fortress surrendered, what security is left us?—What ground of confidence?

Man was our proudest triumph? The Earth was our securest fortress. Earned by the most torturing effort, the foulest and most desperate means; loved dearest by our haughty Foe; relinquished by Him with the illest grace; to be compelled to yield them back, must crown the climax of our Hell.

POTENTATES! Whence these indications of disaster? Ye, to whose keeping I entrusted that priceless domain, speak! When, confident of your fidelity and skill, I left ye charged with that dread responsibility, for to explore the boundless fields of Creation, in search of new Conquests, how came it, that upon my return ye have pierced me with this caustic grief? Whilst, by incredible toil and journeyings unheard of, upon the bleak outskirts of His fearful domain, I have gained a few small advantages, altogether scarcely worth the value of a single *score* of human souls, ye worthless devils

have lost me that golden orb, more prized than half my kingdom else.

Bring forth your Defense. By what new weapons have ye been foiled? By whose fault has the current of our fortunes been reversed? I deemed the Earth impregnable with *half* your strength.—May ye not yet, by diligence, regain the ground which ye have lost? Perchance ye be fatigued with laborious service, and need a little repose. Then go lie down awhile upon the soft fires of yon lurid lake, and let the red, rocking waves dandle ye to sleep. Or, perchance, ye be weak, and faint, and indisposed with illness. Then go bathe in those healing sulphureous lavas which boil forth from yon beautiful sparkling fountains. Say, Demons! what new and strange causes have conspired to plunge us into this new Damnation?

Princes of ALL EVIL!—of IGNORANCE, of SUPERSTITION, of AVARICE, of PRIDE, of AMBITION, of ENVY, of REVENGE, of INTEMPERANCE, of LICENTIOUSNESS, of FAMINE, of DISEASE, of WAR, of OPPRESSION, and of MURDER! Come forth ye, and vindicate yourselves from blame, or submit to be degraded to the basest and most ignoble offices of Hell!"

When the great CHIEF had thus concluded hi
opening harangue, which was listened to with un
earthly silence, behold, a monster, who, from hi
vast and multifarious proportions, his lofty hea
and peremptory bearing, I judged to be next i
power, came forth and replied:

BEELZEBUB'S APOLOGY.

"*King of Destinies and Autocrat of Hell:*

Verily the occasion is sad and doleful enough
Our favorite retreat is about to be closed against u
forever! Our first adopted child, and dearest,
preparing to forsake us! Our most dearly bough
and securely guarded possession is soon to be wres
ed from our grasp! Our most ancient and lo
province is, even now, in a state of revolt! O
most impregnable fortress is in the act of yieldi
itself up to the Almighty Foe! The Earth, t
glorious Earth, is deserting our standard!

But censure thou not, O SATAN, the infer
Princes. Under the guidance of thy servant,
efforts have been spared to save thy terrestrial
minion unmarred. The KING of HEAVEN—

ALL-CONQUERING FOE! He it is who hath done thee this great harm. He hath taken advantage of thy long absence. He hath invaded the earth with new and unheard-of contrivances. His Engines of War no created power can resist. Not even *thy* awful presence, with all thy malevolence and thy craft, could have stemmed the overwhelming tide of His Salvation.

But while Hope has long been drowned in Despair, still we have labored on and on, surrendering inch by inch, to the very last. And, even now, a secret Legion of the most skillful and trustworthy fiends that Hell can produce, are there, holding a few minor positions, for purposes of mere annoyance. And thy servant had been of their number; but hearing of thy return, I must needs pay thee my respects, to report to thee our perverse Fortunes.

Go forth, great SATAN, and review the ground. Witness for thyself, the overwhelming preparations which have been brought to bear against us. Try thy hand *now* against the Almighty. A little experience, at the present time, may possibly modify thy views. Go visit the earth thyself, SATAN."

Satan disdainfully replied:

THE REPLY OF SATAN.

"*Beelzebub:*

Forbear! I can listen to the story of thy dis-
grace no longer. I once thought thee the brave-
of the brave. I yielded thee the highest honors i
my gift, deeming thee the mightiest of all my
Princes. I required the millions of our ranks t
submit to thy word, even as unto mine. I mad
thee my Vicegerent. Then, with unscrupulou
faith in thy genius and thy prowess, I resigne
unto thee all power and responsibility, and plunge
forth into the uncreated and unexplored Oceans o
space, in search of new Continents, and for th
achievement of new victories.

For, in days of yore, thy great deeds were th
theme of every tongue. Thy fame was even co-ex
tensive with *Satan's*. Many worlds acknowledg
thy power, and tamely submitted to thy scepter.
Even He of the Fiery Thunderbolt beheld thee wi
fear and dread. He said to His angels, 'Rest n
nor give over your sleepless pursuit until that m
daring of Satan's heroes be driven forth from Elysia

Then I was proud to count thee the Leader of my hosts, and the right hand Counsellor of my throne.

Oh, BEELZEBUB! hast thou drunk of Lethe, and forgotten the deeds of thy youth? or is thy right hand withered? or are thy joints rheumatic, that thou fearest the *shadow* of danger—of danger whose *substance* thy *youth* had been eager to grapple?

If the Enemy had borne down upon thee with redoubled vigor, was thy own arm paralyzed? Were thy armies drunk with old Nectar, taken in ancient conquest? If new engines of destruction were brought to bear upon thy lines, was the genius of the great Beelzebub asleep, that when the ground were all your own, no machinations were brought to oppose them, by which an Invader might be repelled, or His progress, at least, checked?

That field which this right hand, unaided and alone, had wrenched from His grasp, and fortified as with walls of adamant, could not the puissant Beelzebub, with his countless train of chosen imps, have retained it, against the power of Him only, from whose grasp I alone had wrenched it?

O Beelzebub! the morning of thy fame was

brilliant, and thy career has been full of glory and of pride. But mark ye; a cloud, black as the nethermost dungeons of Erebus, overhangs thy age. Worms shall gnaw thee in the fetid pools of corruption, and fiery scorpions shall be thy bosom companions. On the solitary isles of ice thou shalt roam, unfriended and foodless. The human souls, that in thy palmy days were drawn down to these chambers of death by thy matchless subtlety, shall turn upon thee, and tantalize thy starving soul with the mockery of dainty fare. Nauseous odors shall sicken thee, and sudden dangers affright thee. Menial devils shall pass thee by with a sneer, and thy name shall be a bye-word in Hell."

Beelzebub had listened to this passionate invective with evident surprise, yet with masterly calmness. With a loftiness of bearing which cast a shadow upon Satan's dignity, he replied sarcastically:

BEELZEBUB'S INVECTVE.

"*Imperial Satan:*

Thy power is supreme. These obsequious millions proclaim it so. And thy wisdom, no doubt, is enor-

ments. For the glory of thy fame, and the wondrous happiness (!) which thou hast secured to thy followers, stamp all other hypotheses with absurdity.

But, SATAN, thy power has gained no strength, nor thy wisdom no lure is, by this most clownish and abusive speech which thou hast uttered. Language so hasty and ill timed, would scarcely have gained a breath of applause to one of thy obscurest Princes. How much less should the Sovereign of half a Universe seek renown by an effort so unbecoming to thy dignified position, and so grossly unstatesmanlike!

Thy Majesty has made allusion to the Ancient Wars: and claimed superior honors on account of thy single-handed success in Eden. But why not extend thy retrospect to a period in antiquity, a little more remote? when these exquisite regions, where thy Majesty's sceptre is now unrivalled—these lovely plains and cool refreshing groves—these curling streams and picturesque landscapes—when all this vast and delectable country which we now enjoy unmolested—by thy wisdom and generalship were achieved? Hast *thou* drank of Lethe, and forgotten those brilliant deeds of *thy* youth? *I* remember even so far back as when thy Majesty pro-

posed to reign Supreme in yonder Blazing City;
and raised thy arm to do battle with the Ancient of Ages;
and when He, with His furious Lightnings and devastating Thunderbolts, hurried us away, pell mell,
from those dazzling heights, and whirled us headlong
down to these precious flames, and surrendered unto
thee the absolute Sovereignty of all these delightful
Realms. *I* remember it well.

But notwithstanding these brilliant achievements,
thy victorious Career has sometimes been interrupted, SATAN. One memorable instance I may notice.
It was a Single Combat waged by thyself. And it
occurred not in Eden, but in a Wilderness. Thy
antagonist was not at *Jerusalem*, then. He might have
commanded the aid of Legions of Angels; but single-handed, and under every mode of attack which thy
fagemity could invent, He battled thee, unscarred
and unsoiled. It was a clean victory on *His* part,
SATAN, and on *thine* a shameful and ruinous defeat.

For that very defeat was the beginning, aye,
SATAN, it was the *cause* of all our disasters in the
Earth. It has occasioned those unwelcome tidings,
which we have brought thee, of total discomfiture;
soon to eventuate in our utter extermination thence.

Pardon me, SATAN; I had not intended to reproach thee. On the contrary, I have ever held thy indomitable energy and persistent tenacity in profound admiration. BEELZEBUB is not of those who regard failure of success as a proof of fault. But I stand here in self-defence.

If failure must be punished as a crime, then, the principal failure must of course deserve the greater punishment. That failure which opened the way to all others, and which yielded to an Enemy possessing inferior advantages, by which He not only ascertained His relative strength, but secured to Himself the vantage ground, by which He has been enabled, evermore, to prosecute offensive operations on a scale of unparalleled grandeur and all sweeping power, and which has inevitably resulted in the annihilation of our cause,—such a failure, who shall estimate its consequences? Who shall define the penalty which it deserves? Who shall declare its sentence?

But, SATAN, it is not so. Neither thyself, nor any of thy followers, deserve to be punished for that which in itself is the severest of all punishments.—In all the countless ranks of thy infernal armies, every individual devil is bound in this narrow com-

pass. His only respite from the gnawings of the deathless worm is in the accomplishment of evil. It mitigates his woe. It stimulates him to increasing toil and Herculean effort. It insures fidelity and subordination in all the rank and file of Hell. Whilst fields of enterprise are open to our hands, outside of these dolorous shades, we are relieved from the necessity of *mutual* torture. Hence, all of us, from the least to the greatest, are interested in the success of foreign enterprises. And hence it is absurd to charge it upon any of thy subjects, that they have rendered indifferent service in thy momentous cause in the Earth. Every step which thy armies were compelled to retreat in that dreadful struggle in this ancient province of thine, did strike the center of every Demon's heart with a pang more fierce than the Enemy's deadliest steel.

Behold thy faithful Princes! Here in thy Majesty's presence they stand, to answer, each for himself, and to explain to thee the course of all our misfortunes there, in which thou shalt see the hand of irresistible Destiny.

But, SATAN, if reason have no virtue to sooth thy wrath,—if thy disappointment must needs be treated

with a victim, and if blood be the only antidote for thy vengeance—behold thy faithful BEELZEBUB will not shrink. BEELZEBUB will furnish the antidote and serve as the victim. But not until he redeem his character for bravery,—not until SATAN shall be furnished with some personal exhibitions—some tangible evidence—of his prowess;—not until thy Majesty shall have an opportunity of measuring the degree of his valor with *thine own arm*."

During this speech of Beelzebub, Satan exhibited, in his countenance, a very wide range of emotion,—from the palest violet of Vanity down to the deepest crimson of Anger. There were shame and pride and contempt and jealously and malice and revenge; all, by turns, sitting there in triumph.

Like a fierce Comet, whose ominous glare causes whole Continents to shake with terror—or like a long smothered Volcano, whose unchained fury suddenly overspreads a kingdom with consternation—so Satan, when Beelzebub had finished his caustic rebuke, burst into a rage, which made him to glow with an appalling lustre. The atmosphere grew darker and more lurid. An intenser gloom settled down from

the black concave, overspreading the vast expanse of Hell. Thus he spake:

BEELZEBUB'S SENTENCE.

"*Loyal Princes of Satan!*

Ye long tried and faithful Servants! Listen ye to my command. Behold ye the audacious Beelzebub? And hear ye his monstrous insolence and his lies?

He is no longer fit for the service of your all-powerful King! Take ye the Apostate from my presence! Seize ye the Strong Demon and bind him with chains forged in the Central Fires! Then take him to the Adamantine Pillar of Tartarus and bind him. There let him remain four tedious months, to dwell upon the sharp rocks and the scalding cinders.

And ye may extend the radius of his circuit to the Molten Cataracts; where he may now and then choose to break the dull monotony of the hours with a shower bath. There leave him alone, to reflect upon his strange and monstrous folly, through which he has dared to insult the Awful Majesty of Hell.

There let him remain a fearful example of the consuming wrath of Satan! to be gazed upon and pointed at by every straggling devil that passes.—And as they pass him by in the distance they shall exclaim: Behold the mightiest of Satan's Princes! Beelzebub the Great! A spectacle for all Hell! An example of Satan's Power and his Wrath!"

Now when Satan had ceased, behold, several of the Princes of Evil rushed forward to his feet, and besought him to suspend the execution of this terrific sentence, until he might receive an account of the Sublunary Wars from other sources.

SPEECH OF PRINCE INTEMPERANCE.

"*Great Satan:*"

(Thus spake the Prince of INTEMPERANCE, whose disgusting form, broad, swollen features and blood-shot eyes, proclaimed his sensual character and his name.) "Give ear to thy favorite Prince:—me, the most daring and the most profitable of all thy noble Princes! Quiet thy ferocity, dear SATAN, and lend me, for a little space, thy Majesty's audience."

Satan smiled complacently, and bowed his assent.

"O INVINCIBLE MONARCH!" continued Intemperance, "I claim thy special indulgence, because this veteran hand has conferred upon thy service many extraordinary benefits. Explore the deep labyrinths of Hell, and in every section, far and near, ye shall hear my name pronounced with bitter curses, by numberless human souls who have been piloted hither by me.

Others of thy noble Princes, also, have derived much of *their* success through my powerful aid.—Especially will my lords—POVERTY, LICENTIOUSNESS, DISEASE and MURDER, confess to the potential agency rendered by me, in the very respectable amount of evil which they have severally accomplished in thy service.

The proudest intellects have I subdued; the mightiest arms have I withered; the fairest prospects have I blasted; the sweetest joys have I poisoned; the happiest hearts have I broken; the purest minds have I corrupted; the noblest ambition have I prostrated; the brightest names have I made a reproach among men.

For many centuries I stood among thy proudest representatives in the Earth. All ranks and conditions, all sexes and professions, all tribes and nations, all languages and all colors, were accessible to me. No society excluded me. I was a favorite with all, from the lowest up to the politest and most pretending circles. The arts which I employed, together with the very valuable aid of my subordinates—those human souls which had been seduced hither by thy humble servant,—enabled me to produce such an overwhelming tide of ruin and of woe in the Earth, that thy Eternal Enemy became alarmed, lest every vestige of His image in man should be finally obliterated.

That was a proud day in my career. And even now, when I bring up by memory those innumerable scenes of human agony which I prepared, the blasting ills which I scattered broadcast over the world, the snares which I spread for the feet of the unwary,—and then, when I consider the abundant harvest which I gathered in, of death, and of woes worse than death,—of ruined characters, of broken hearts, of wasted fortunes, of beggared children, of grief-murdered wives, of demolished intellects, of brutal-

ized, demonized souls—when I call to mind the drunkard's home, that theatre of *Delirium Tremens*, that precursor and type of Hell, where all was bleak, barren and desolate, where devils, in scores, assembled and hovered around, to enjoy the rare satisfaction of feasting their eyes and ears upon the torments of the damned, without bearing a part, as here, in *enduring* them—when I think of the promising youths whom I intercepted in the high road to honor and fame, of the gray hairs which I brought in sorrow down to the grave, of the parents' blight, of the children's shame, of the heart-wringing agony, of the freezing despair—and last, and best of all, when I think of the mighty army of human souls whom I bound with my strong chains, and marched straight down to these infernal precincts—when I think of *all* things which then and there I conceived, occasioned and performed, I am puffed up with pride, even *now*, and briefly forget my subsequent inglorious *defeat;* and I seem to myself a great *conqueror* once more.

Then, again, the dreadful reality rushes upon me. And it seems ten-fold *more* dreadful, because of these bright recollections, which I am compelled

now and then to indulge. Those glorious days are forever past! Never, O nevermore shall this eternal gnashing, this enormous woe, be relieved, by a field of glory and of victory, like unto that! Now it only augments the writhing of my agony and the desperation of my grief. Better never to have *known* respite from pain, than, with the recollection of it, to suffer on, interminably and hopelessly. Better, far better for me, never to have gained those brilliant fields, since the souls whom I have brought down to these murky shores are evermore to be my tormentors.

But such is the grim destiny which forever pursues us. Our greatest victory must ever be our bitterest calamity. If victories were never to *fail* us, then, indeed, it were otherwise. Then, indeed, we might take courage and hope in the eternal relief which an eternal succession of victories must yield us. But now we know, too well, that our Eternal Foe must finally be our Conqueror; and we know, also, that every victory we gain, though productive of present relief, must contribute to the sum of our future and everlasting woe.

Doubtless, then, our true policy is this;—to hold, by the wisest counsels and ablest generalship, those

possessions which we may chance to gain, without withdrawing any material strength, for the sake of attempting new achievements.

Herein has been our great mistake in the Earth. And herein I must acknowledge my own error, as well as the great fault of thy Lieutenant, Beelzebub. Had I sought with less earnestness, to subvert the race of man; had I wrought with less energy; had I been content with fewer and less brilliant successes —perchance I then might have provoked less powerful opposition, and have remained longer in the field, to have rendered thy cause essential aid in the day of its greatest peril.

For, at the very moment when I was riding most triumphantly on the wave of universal fashion, presiding over public assemblies and in private circles, in the light and in the dark, on land and sea, in business and in recreation, at home and abroad—when I was allowed to supersede all other agencies, as a preserver of health, a dissipator of disease, an exhilarator of the spirits, a drowner of care and of sorrow—when I was accepted as a substitute for wealth, for food, for clothing, for friends—when I was regarded as a protector against heat, against

cold, against dampness, against malaria, against pestilence—when I was invoked as a strengthening cordial, courage-quickener, hope-inspirer, brain invigorator—at the point of time when our cause was most popular, and seemed most secure in the Earth—then, thy Old Enemy, as I was about to say, sent down an Angel, called the Angel of TEMPERANCE; and she it was who commenced a warfare upon us.

At the first, I laughed to scorn her childish weapons and liliputian strokes. As the proud forest *oak* looks down in his loftiness and his strength, upon the sickly *weed*, so I was prone to regard *her* beneath my contempt and undeserving my notice.

As the years went on, numberless were the expedients by which she attempted to damage my cause. But they were all harmless like stubble.—Her arrows and her darts were to me as the down of thistles. Her sharp-pointed arrows fell at my feet like rotten wood.

Then was my pride unbounded; and I lifted up my voice in exultation and defiance.

Her first expedient was the Society for Total Abstinence. This Society labored for many years, and labored mightily, to rid the world of the curses which

I engendered. The chief weapon which it wielded was called Moral Suasion. And for a brief space, I was not a little nervous in apprehension of the fruit which it might bring forth; as from its mountain-like throes and gigantic heavings, I feared it might be pregnant with some formidable thing. Science lent the entire weight of her authority against me. Reason also, and all the other Good Angels which had gained access to the human heart, arrayed themselves, with all their tremendous enginery, upon the side of Total Abstinence.

To a superficial observer, the odds, for a time, seemed fearfully against us; and the current of our success was really turned. But like the current of a stream, which by some mighty impulse of Nature, had been driven backward, for a moment, but only to gather new force for its declining flow again; so the downward tendency of human nature, soon preponderated again, and our cause flowed on more prosperously than before.

Whilst I possessed the advantages of early education, and habits long indulged, and old associations established in the mind, it was requisite that some new principle, stronger than reason, or religion,

or morality, or humanity, or domestic happiness, or vague fear, or *any* of the shifts of Moral Suasion, should be brought to bear against my position, in order for the Angel TEMPERANCE to give me any real occasion of alarm.

It became at length a source of downright *amusement* to me, to observe the silly, but very laborious, and costly efforts, exhausted in useless opposition to my triumphant progress. Such were the various Secret Societies, Carson Leagues, Temperance Publications, World's Conventions, and other projects similar in aim and in result.

But one quality, in the Angel, did really excite my admiration: and that was, her blind and obstinate perseverance.

Whatever the result of any particular scheme, or engagement, or campaign, or howsoever unsuccessful in the aggregate, she seldom exhibited the least symptom of discouragement or relaxation.

All her hopes in Moral Suasion, which had ran through a lapse of many years, having at length failed, she hit upon a new idea. And although, from the very first, I entertained no great fear as to its ultimate working, I may as well confess that it

occasioned me some temporary embarrassment. It was the idea of Political and Legislative action.

Some men had great *faith* in it. As soon as they reached the point at which they could fairly anticipate the enactment of such laws as they desired, they seemed to consider the great battle nearly over, and the victory as good as achieved. But they were men of sanguine and impulsive temperament.

Another class, with hearty hatred of my cause, favored this Legislative project merely as a forlorn hope. The Moral-Suasion principle had looked more feasible to them. And until they saw with their eyes, its insufficiency, they had clung to it with the tenacity of desperation. Indeed, in this *new* scheme they were mostly but passive followers. They were sometimes even accused, by the former class, of being secretly allied with *me*, preserving a show of opposition, only for certain secret purposes.

But they were in reality my most dangerous opponents.

For, as a mammoth war-ship, though ponderous, and in her incipient movements, tardy, roused into action only by large and decided occasion, when she has once determined to act, is more formidable to the

enemy than the little dashing gun-boat, though never so furious:—so, a mighty moral principle, deeply and firmly incorporated with the soul, though acting with less promptitude than the noisy and passionate impulse, is far more persistent, more powerful, more obstinate, vastly more destructive, and infinitely more to be dreaded by us.

But the experiment of Legislation must needs be tried. And so great was its promise of success for a while, that whoever had betrayed doubt as to its ultimate triumph, had been branded, and set down as a friend of Intemperance. Even Jubilees and thanksgivings were proclaimed; anniversaries were celebrated; and joy flowed as in great rivers from the mountain tops down to the ocean:—as though I were *already* subdued, and exterminated from the mundane globe.

Quietly and patiently I awaited the reaction, which my scientific knowledge of human nature enabled me to predict, with confidence, as well as with downright satisfaction.

And here I am constrained to declare, in presence of the infernal Royalty and all his noble Princes, that, although, for a certain period of time during

this Legislative experiment, the direct proceeds of my hand suffered a very considerable abatement, I have good reason to believe that some of my fellow-Princes, thereby, or at least simultaneously, augmented their gains by accessions even somewhat larger than the diminution in mine.

Reference to the records of at least my lords, the Princes of Avarice and of Falsehood, might either confirm or correct me in this humble suggestion. At all events, I shall indulge the belief, until convinced otherwise by the records, that thy aggregate income from the Earth, and from those sections of it, and during the period, in which this experiment was in progress, was at least as large as during a similar period, either immediately preceding or immediately following it.

This experimental process was somewhat a tedious one for me; as it extended itself, by repetition and multiplication, through a space of time formidable enough, especially in cases attended with so much suspense.

Through the skillful disposition of my forces, together with the mighty influence which I had adroitly gained over the souls of men, and the masterly man-

ner in which I wielded it, the experiment *did* eventuate in failure. The wicked devices and machinations by which I compassed an event so prodigiously glorious, whilst they shocked the world with astonishment at the extent of my resources, I regret to acknowledge, did also inspire my human enemies with still profounder hatred towards *me*.

For awhile, then, on their part, there was a blank cessation of hostilities. But I understood full well that there was a deadlier, a more desperate and determined *spirit* in them, than ever before. And from the profound and universal *calm* which prevailed, I not only predicted a sudden and violent *onslaught*, but with very industrious prudence, I stationed and prepared my army of devils, high and low, spiritual and incarnate, original and transformed, in such a manner as most effectually to resist it.

In what manner and in what form, in what time and place, it might burst out, I had no means to ascertain. Indications that the Angel of Temperance was still intent upon my destruction, or, in miscarriage of that, my greatest possible damage, were so clearly apparent to my experienced eye, that, during this wonderful calm, my anxiety was

scarcely less painful than during the progress of the fearful storm which had just previously been raging.

Well, the long expected, and I must confess, the long *dreaded*, attack was finally made. But it came, not in the manner and form in which I was so amply, and I may say, so expensively, prepared to meet it. *Not* in the thunder and lightning did it come. I had my infernal batteries ready, and thunderbolts, red and fiery, forged by Vulcan's own arm, to have repelled it, in *that* form, with the utmost certainty and with great violence.

Nor in the hurricane and storm did it come.—These have no terrors for the Prince of Intemperance. All the Furies of Hell were at my command; and I might have driven the raging elements back to their dark prisons, as with the breath of my nostrils.

But it came like the breaking of the morning; or like the evening dew, distilling upon the Earth. So gently, so silently and so peacefully did it come, with its beautiful rainbow light, its life-infusing warmth, and its Eden-like perfumes, filling all the air. In 'a still, small voice' did it come, breathing a whisper so gentle and low, that it seemed like the breath of Zephyr, as he stoops to kiss the infant Spring.

Old Vulcan had furnished me no arms of defense against *such* an attack; and Beelzebub had failed to advise me of its approach. All my ostentatious preparations were vain. My royal and veteran armies, with all their terrestrial allies, were powerless.—The Angel of Temperance had out-generaled me at last.

Like one of ancient renown in the *Earth*, whose glory has dazzled mankind, like a star of mysterious brilliancy, who, boldly plunging with his countless chosen ones, into the boreal depths of his Cossack foe, confident of an easy triumph and universal dominion, suddenly fell, with his armies, like leaves of the forest, from the loftiest Alpine heights of anticipated glory, into bottomless perdition; fell, without even the poor consolation of an honorable defeat; so I, the hero of many battles, but all unacquainted with disaster, at a moment when a final victory, more brilliant than any of its predecessors, seemed waiting impatiently for my embrace—I, thy favorite, Prince Intemperance, with an army of devils as numerous and well-appointed as ever left the armory of Hell, was driven, as with a wisp of feathers, from the face of the earth: aye, without striking a single

blow. Powerless, we fled like an army of pitiful *ninnies*.

The manner in which my humiliation and ruin were effected, I am about to describe.

The human devotees of the Angel had become ferocious. In their desperation, they assembled together from all lands, for mutual condolence, and for purposes of consultation.

Is the Prince of Intemperance invincible? Is even the *abridgment* of his power in the earth to be deemed an impossibility? These were the questions which naturally arose for discussion: and right earnestly were they discussed. The strongest intellects in the world were present. For gradually had all men, of all sects and parties, who stood high upon the intellectual or moral scale, joined the ranks of my enemies, in fighting earnest. Never before had my character and that of my emissaries been so roughly handled, and my resources so carefully weighed, by human hands. But, for my own part, having been so completely triumphant in all my *previous* engagements, I really believed my armies invincible, by whatever contrivance of man. Practically, I regarded myself as Omnipotent.—

Still, wishing to be prepared for every maneuver of theirs, and indulging a little natural curiosity, I carefully watched all their proceedings.

In the course of the great debate, all manner of things were said; and many things so ridiculously stupid, that your Majesty would hardly be pleased with the recital thereof.

One gentleman remarked:

'That after so long a period of warfare against the vile and disgusting monster, Intemperance—after such mines of treasure had been wasted, and such gigantic efforts exhausted, and all without any perceptible good result—he should oppose the farther prosecution of the war, except with *Christian* armor, exclusively. He had lost all confidence in political, or any *other* merely human expedients. Although he would gladly sacrifice his all, and even submit to martyrdom to effect the demon's destruction, he had come to the conclusion, conscientiously and even religiously, that God, in his providence, had so ordered the battle, that man should be humbled, and learn to wait, in the great work of moral renovation, for Divine guidance. For *his* part, he would counsel patient inaction, for the present, with earnest prayer,

with Christian hope and with humble submission, to the most wise, but most inscrutable decree of Heaven. He believed the work was essentially a *moral* one, and had failed, as all moral undertakings *must* fail, unless ordered and conducted by the Divine Spirit.'

Another Speaker arose and replied:

'That although he admired the gentleman's piety and Christian resignation, he could not agree with him upon the main question. He regarded it as the duty of every citizen, by every means which God and society had furnished him, to set his face and raise his hand against every social evil; whether such opposition prove immediately successful or not. The Temperance war was one of great magnitude; and, like all great enterprises, required much time and labor for its successful issue. Towards such an issue, he believed much progress had already been made. If this war were now to be abandoned, he acknowledged the world would reap but very little benefit from it; and the expenditure which it had involved, would in that case, be a total loss. They had gained much experience, only valuable in the further prosecution of the work. Their past errors

would not be repeated. The enemy had already been made to fear and tremble. The very next campaign might, peradventure, accomplish his subjugation. *His* motto was *Nil Desperandum*. The gentleman previous, with all his piety, had exhibited too little of Christian hope, and too much *un*christian despondency. My counsel, (said he,) is to pray as much as you please, but don't forget to work. Use all the means to combat the Evil One which God has placed in your hands. Let us never be discouraged, (continued he,) in a good cause.—It is our duty to labor on till death. Whoever grounds his arms, or even *suggests* so weak a course of conduct, whether under the garb of Religion, of Policy, or of sheer *Discouragement*, I shall regard him an enemy to our cause. Such advice is both cowardly and treacherous. *My* hatred of Intemperance is so deep and uncompromising, that I am determined never to cease fighting till my knees shall fail me. If my comrades desert me to a *man*, I shall still fight on, and make no compromises.

'My opinion is that our cause might have triumphed long ago, and the dirty devil of Drunkenness been reduced to *vagabondry* ere this, except

for the lukewarmness and cowardice of those who call themselves his enemies, but who, in reality, are the most efficient friends he has.

'If the war be renewed, I doubt not, a new and more resolute spirit will prevail in our ranks, and overwhelming and glorious victory be the result.—But if we abandon it now, the losses which we must sustain, the shame which must rest upon us, and the evil consequences which must be entailed upon posterity, no figures can compute,—no imagination conceive. Therefore, "*my* voice is still for war!"'

When this Speaker had done, the great assembly remained for a time in profound silence. A gloom, nearly amounting to despair, had taken possession of all hearts. No plan had been proposed which gave any reasonable encouragement of success, in view of the failure of those which had already been tried.

The empty assurance of the speaker last on the floor, or the despondency of the one which preceded him, had done but little to relieve the embarrassment which overhung the entire occasion like a dismal cloud.

At length, an old man, long-favored, lank and infirm, but with a *Joyful* expression of countenance,

in an obscure corner of the assembly, arose, (curses upon his memory!) and harangued the multitude, thus:

'*Men and Brethren:*

I have but a few words to speak; and these few are very simple. I have to announce the simple truth, which every man should already know,—that the Law of God must be obeyed, though men turn into wild beasts. Not even to save the race from cannibalism and self-extermination, will the Great God allow one jot, or one tittle of His law to fail. Man's ignorance and neglect of this Law causes him a world of bootless toil, and floods of bitter tears.

'There *are* laws which God has placed beyond the human fathom—outside of the sphere of human action or of human ken. Such are those which govern the Spiritual existences, who traverse immensity, and do His errands in Heaven and Hell. Also, in the unmeasured depths of the *material* Universe, where myriads of planets, and suns, and systems, dance through space at His bidding, who shall presume to know His Eternal Purpose?

'But man has no right to be ignorant of the Laws which shape his own destiny, by which he is judged,

for weal or woe, for life or death, for Heaven or Hell. Such ignorance is a crime, which cannot escape punishment. And in this age of advancement, as well as of boasting and of vain-glory, it is a shame to civilization.

'And the universality of this ignorance, as represented by the wisest and most learned men from all lands, here assembled; and as exhibited in the pitiful dilemma in which this august assemblage is at this very moment involved, should make all Christendom blush.

'Why has the Temperance enterprise failed?—And why are the friends of Temperance and Humanity clad in mourning this day? Listen ye, and I will answer.

'It is because of the ignorance—the criminal and disgraceful *blindness*, which has pervaded, and misguided the Temperance ranks,—ignorance of the obvious and unchanging principles of Human Nature, which all men should know, and of which all who aspire to be rulers and leaders should be ashamed to be ignorant.

'It is a law of Nature, as constant and as obvious as the law of Gravitation, that all great changes,

wrought in the human soul and character, must be effected by slow and gradual processes.

'To transform a nation, or a world, from vice to virtue, from folly to wisdom, from sin to holiness, from *drunkenness* to *sobriety*, we can reasonably hope for success, only by beginning with a *generation*; by persevering, with a steady hand, an earnest heart and an unwavering purpose, through the forming period of life; fixing, establishing and confirming, in the mind and *soul*—by the appliances of *Education*—the principles of Truth, of self-control and of *Temperance*; making them a part of the *individual*, by which the character of *society* is formed and maintained.

'I, who stand in my place here, am an old man. I speak not merely as a theorist, but as an experimentalist. Forty years, have I been a temperance soldier; and never, during that period, have I ceased fighting. Early, I questioned the efficacy of the popular weapons employed in the prosecution of this war. But being a young man then, I was only a theorist, and dared not, and *could* not, proclaim my convictions, in such a manner as the world would hear.

'But whilst the whole world has been turned up-

side down with the "pomp and circumstance" of this war, through a period of time surpassing the age one generation of men, and that without any very proud result,—I have wrought on in an isolated field, with the old fashioned weapon of *Education*.—And in this little field I have never lost a battle, but have uniformly gained the victory.

I have sought out the children. In the primary *schools* have my battles principally been fought.—There have I labored patiently and silently, throughout a district of country, embracing as many schools as my time and strength have allowed me properly to superintend, in the prosecution of my plan.—I have managed by my own exertions, and the aid of teachers, (whom I have generally found to be faithful and efficient co-laborers with me,) to keep the subject of practical Temperance so prominent in their minds, during the stage of mental development, as to insure, in about every case, a life of total abstinence. So potent, I had almost said so omnipotent, is the influence of early and persistent education, in forming the characters of men.

Let this plan be universally adopted, and I boldly and confidently affirm, that the foul fiend of Intem-

perance shall soon spread his dragon wings, and make his final escape from the Earth.

'Many years ago, I became convinced, upon principles of moral philosophy, that no great progress in our cause, would ever be made by the reform of drunkards, or even by moral suasion generally. So weak are the tendencies of the human heart towards distant or unselfish good ; and so strong the power of the perverted and unbridled Appetites, and of education and habit. And later, when the strong arm of the *Law* was invoked, to aid you in opposing the grisly demon, I felt assured, upon the same principles, of the impotency of even *that*.

'The war, to be successful, must extend through a period of many years. But this war must also be properly conducted. Its present *character* must be discarded. From an *aggressive* it must be converted into a *defensive* war. The plastic strokes of *Education*, directed by skillful *hands*, must fall upon the tender and susceptible material of the *infant heart*,—so softly and so delicately fall, that not a fibre shall be bruised nor a tendril broken, yet a system of defenses be formed around and within it, impregnable to all the batteries of Intemperance.

'You have been in too great a hurry. Natural laws must, and will, have their stated time to work. Yet you have thought to attain a great end which only through natural laws can be reached, in a period of time too short, by far, for these laws to achieve it.

'Whatever work you have done hitherto, has been only *patch* work. And even *that* is now about all frittered away. All the time which you have consumed in this work—this futile attempt to usurp the province of Nature—only leaves you standing about where you started.

'Your wisest, your most advantageous act, this day, will be to abandon all your enterprises of the past, and to resolve, henceforth to place no value or dependence upon them. Let your time, your money, your labor, which you may have invested in them—let them all be counted as lost, rather than sink still more capital of the same sort in the same way. Repent of your ignorance and your folly. Your intentions have been worthy of better counsels, and need no repentance. Like wise and skillful physicians, let your efforts be hereafter directed to *assist*, not to *counteract*, the efforts of Nature. Like pru-

dent husbandmen, sow your seed in the *spring time*, if in the autumn you would gather a harvest of fruit. Plant the seeds of Temperance in the soil of the heart during the spring time of childhood; nurture them watchfully through the summer of youth, and in the autumn of manhood you shall not be disappointed.

'In conclusion, (said he,) Men and Brethren: if you shall decide to prosecute the war upon any of the old plans, my *heart* will be with you, but my *head* and my *hand* must revolt. My capital is too precious—the cries of humanity are too importunate and too grievous. And scattered here and there, about the world, I have many *pupils*, who have entered the field of labor upon the plan which I have now submitted. And whether you shall conclude to adopt this plan, or no, *they* will multiply. And the stone, which you builders shall set at naught, will one day smite the image of Intemperance, which men worship, and it will grow and grow, until it shall become a great mountain, and shall fill the whole earth.

'Men and brethren, I have done.'

Such were the words of the old man: and they

had fallen upon my ear with excruciating effect.—Although, I must confess, that at the moment of their utterance, I had had no conception of their full import.

The exceeding Joy which the Angel Temperance and all his crew had exhibited during the speech, greatly increased my forebodings of danger. I had observed, that now and then, during its delivery, angelic messengers were dispatched to the Upper City, as if to report the sentiments which it promulgated. This had not occurred on any previous occasion; and I will not deny that it caused me some solicitude and perplexity.

Education—combined with the operation of Nature's Laws—rather than trust to individual transformation, or Legislative coercion,—these were ideas which instantly struck me as embodying a new Power—a Power, perchance, of irresistible momentum. And as I contemplated it, surveying its mighty proportions, as it rose in all its fearful magnitude before the eye of my mind, the atmosphere suddenly changed, to my senses, and became oppressive. And in spite of myself, so suddenly and so deeply had my clear sky of promise been overcast,

so severe was the blow which I had received upon my spirit, that for a moment I quivered and *shook*;—though ashamed to confess it, I trembled like an *aspen leaf*, with frightful apparitions of impending danger.

The Angel, observing my undisguisable alarm, grew ecstatic. The human countenances in the assembly instantly became cheerful; for, although they had as yet caught but a faint glimpse of the tremendous advantage which their Cause had gained, in the simple suggestions of the old man, even that faint glimpse, flashing upon them as it did, in their darkest hour, operated as a cordial of wondrous virtue upon their drooping spirits.

The confident tone of the old man; his honest and dignified bearing; the corroboration of his positions, however meagre, which was furnished by others present who knew or had heard of his great success; the hopelessness of all other schemes hitherto proposed; and finally, the eminent plausibility and obvious practicability of his plan,—altogether, by the unanimous consent of the Convention, served to sweep by the board all the old theories which had proved so worthless, and yet so expensive,

and to establish a new Temperance dispensation.

But as that new Theory was unpretending in its immediate results; entirely devoid of ostentatious display; possessed no machinery for manufacturing great public sensations; called for no lavish expenditure of money; sought no governmental aid; and afforded no pabulum for selfishness,—it was obvious that all those who had not been sincere in their adherence to the Temperance principles, but had adopted them for selfish purposes, would now lose their adhesiveness, and fall off; and either remain aloof, or join *my* ranks.

However, I could not regard their defection from the enemy's camp as any material diminution of his strength; neither their accession to my own, as a very material occasion for joy.

Curse me as you please—with imbecile or inactive recruits, or an open-handed, sincere enemy, however implacable; but save me from venal, false or lukewarm friends.

From the heights of self-complacency and confident security I suddenly fell, as down a vast precipice, into a state of tremulous perturbation; and

from perturbation I slid rapidly into terror and despair. My courage, my confidence, my glittering prospects, vanished all away as by magic. Then, as I looked overhead, the great portals of the heavenly firmament were sprawled open, and from yon glaring City I saw myriads of Angels pouring down, in all possible magnificence and glory, rending the elements with their torturing melody, and making the atmosphere all luminous with their shining faces.

I was now overwhelmed with confusion. Many of my forces, in the most dastardly manner, deserted me, and fled back to the outskirts of civilization. And I was compelled to stem the flood of Temperance with a feeble number of my veteran troops, whose courage overpowered their fear,—under every imaginable disadvantage, and with the gloomy certainty of being eventually driven away from the habitations of men.

The remnant of my earthly career I care not to review. It consisted, generally, but in a series of disasters and mistakes, which terminated in the crowning calamity of our utter and disgraceful extermination. All of which resulted from the new, the philosophic, and the irresistible mode of warfare

proposed at the Convention, by the long-favored, the lank and the *Joyful* old man.

All this powerful and protracted struggle, throughout, thy Lieutenant-general, Beelzebub, was ever vigilant and faithful in the discharge of his vast and responsible trusts. His counsels never failed me, when dangers threatened. And to his wise and far-sighted policy may be attributed much of the brilliancy of my victorious campaigns. Many of the richest trophies which, through my agency, swell our infernal ranks, might now have been standing before the gorgeous Throne of the Eternal, basking, with the Seraphs, in His effulgent sunshine; had Beelzebub been neglectful of his duty, or unmindful of the vital interests of thy kingdom. And during the decline of my power, his deep solicitude for our cause was constantly exhibited, in the numerous, though futile expedients, which he suggested for the successful conduct of the campaign.

Much of my earthly success I owe also to the Prince of Avarice. He was ever ready with his mighty hand, when the issue of the battle was doubtful, to secure me the preponderance. His serpent eye never slumbered, and his long, bony

finger never failed, to point me to the weakest position of the enemy's line. Had it not been for his magic aid, the combined influence of Reason and Science and Self-Respect—to say nothing of Domestic Affection, or Honor, or Comfort, or Health, or Conscience, or the Religious Sense, would have blown all my hopes to the winds, and hunted me out of the world, ere any of my proudest victories were won, or half my immortal trophies secured.

Neither should be forgotten, in this connection, the valuable incidental benefits rendered me by thy noble Princes, Licentiousness, Disease and Murder. They served, with the utmost efficiency, in turning my success to thy Majesty's very largest account.—They ever stood ready to assist me in the disposition of my prisoners, and to forward them on to these thy undisputed domains, where no friendly aid can possibly reach them, and whence no arm can rescue them for ever.

More correctly, perhaps, I might say that those thy noble Princes derived great advantages from *my* labors;—that through me they obtained the most of their prizes, and that I was rather an auxiliary of theirs than they of mine. However, the result is all

the same to thee, whether I or they be regarded as the principal. And at all events, we have always acted together with the most cordial harmony.

But the subject is too painful. I can pursue it no farther. O for a single drop of cold water!"

When the voice of the Prince of Intemperance was no longer heard, there was a groan, as if all the anguish and all the malice which this earth had ever known, were condensed into one utterance, rising in millions of voices, and dolefully reverberating through all the regions of the Deep.

Could the tortures of the intemperate damned be but reflected upon the ears of all Christendom, by one such groan as that, methinks all other arguments, for the cause of Temperance and the rescue of the poor inebriate, were superfluous.

Then the Monarch of Hell replied bitterly to the Prince of Intemperance, thus:

SATAN'S REPLY TO INTEMPERANCE.

"True, Intemperance, once thou wast my favorite Prince. Once thy powerful agency was my most ef-

ficient aid, in peopling these infernal vaults,—these fiery, smothering quicksands,—these slimy dungeons, —these fetid, loathsome recesses,—these lakes and streams of molten sulphur, ever burning, yet ever unconsumed,—these bottomless pits of concentrated woe,—with the souls of men who once dwelt upon the earth, but now fill the Empyrean of Hell with the music of their gnashing and their howling.

But now thy occupation is gone, Intemperance. I hate and loathe thee now; and command thee to depart hence and go welter, with the souls thou hast gathered in, with the trophies of thy pride and boasting; to inflict and receive the shafts of torture, which their fiendish ingenuity and thine may evermore invent, in the filthiest mire of hell. Fit element that for thy brutal wallowing! Fit emblem that, of thy disgusting service! There, go seek thy reward."

Now I saw after this, that the Prince of Intemperance slunk away from the presence of Satan, crawling low upon the ground and disappearing from my view.

Again I looked, and beheld a huge and frightful monster of immense proportions, having the body

and claws of a Vulture, and the face and head of a Man. He came forth and stood before the throne. There was a tiger-like and blood-thirsty fierceness in his countenance, which made the very devils to shrink back in dismay as he passed before them.

Addressing Satan, he spoke in a gutteral voice, and said:

OPENING SPEECH OF WAR.

"*Imperial Sovereign!*

My services belong to thee. I stand here at thy feet in readiness for thy bidding. For although it was I, thy loyal subject—the veritable Prince of War—who gave thee thy crown, thy realm, and the third part of the habitants of Heaven, for thy subjects, I still acknowledge and claim thee my legitimate sire and rightful master. And I offer thee my most obsequious homage. Blindly and fearlessly I obey thee. At thy command no power is too terrible for me to assault, as I proved to the Universe and to thee, in the very process of my birth.

But the Planet Earth, which for so many centuries has been my principal theater, now shuts me out; and I find but little to do any more, outside of Hell.

No other Prince of thine, it is true, has ever wrought such fearful desolation in the Earth as I have done. But I claim to be thy favorite Prince, more especially because thy *future* glory must chiefly come through me, as thy past has already come."

Satan answered and said:

SATAN'S COMPLIMENTS TO WAR.

"*War:*

I acknowledge thee my favorite Prince. For notwithstanding it was thy instrumentality which dislodged me from those glittering heights of Paradise, and established me here upon Mount Chaos, where, I must admit, the air is not quite so salubrious, nor the prospects quite so delectable, nor the luminosity quite so intense; still I have this consolation, that my ruling passion has enjoyed a far wider latitude here than *yonder*.

Besides, as thou hast already hinted, much of my hope for the *Future* centres in thee. Without thy faithful aid, how shall I ever advance against my Ancient and Never-failing Opponent?

Whatever may have been thy indiscretions or neglects in the Earth, whereby my Rule there has

been crippled and finally overthrown, I shall never denounce *thee*, War. Because I cannot denounce thee without compromising, nay, without sacrificing my most darling schemes.

But I desire thee to speak of the course of events which has led to this scandalous catastrophe ;—so I may decide, with the more judicious policy, concerning the conduct of my quondam General in Chief, into whose hands I formerly delegated my Supreme earthly dominion. How came thy strength to be broken, and thy terrors disarmed ; after that I had installed thee in the Earth with so great power and authority, and after that thy character for efficiency had been so amply vindicated ?

Speak, Prince War, and let my ears be feasted a little with the story of thy human tortures ; and of the numberless and gigantic woes, which thy infernal ploughshare wrought in the fields which I had conquered from His Proud and Despotic Majesty.

But O, the Catastrophe ! How it scalds my entrails ! And stings me worse than a thousand infernal scorpions ! But speak, War."

To this request, the Prince of War responded as follows :

SPEECH OF PRINCE WAR.

"*Magnanimous King:*

Since the Angel Peace has got possession of the Earth, whence my rations were chiefly derived, a terrible gauntness has seized my inwards, and now preys upon my strength. Besides, this long-protracted bloodthirst parches my throat, and renders my voice husky.

'Tis indeed a very disastrous crisis, both for thy Majesty's Cause and for me.

But at whose door the fault should be made to lie, falls not within my province to determine. This much, however, I can testify; to wit: That thy Prince Ignorance, first, then, Prince Superstition, next, Prince Ambition, and finally, Prince Avarice, did fail in furnishing me with a field and with subjects for my legitimate occupation.

Whether by force, or otherwise, I cannot tell, but these Princes of thine did, successively and severally, ground their arms. Else I had never failed of returning, to thy Majesty's revenue, my full quota of blood, anguish and destruction.

To what cause to ascribe this capital delinquency

in these thy noble Princes, is of course not for me to decide. I merely state what I know of the facts. And in these, I doubt not, your Majesty will find ample grounds at least for *my* acquitment of blame.

From the very earliest ages of mankind, I had been the Supreme Magnate of the world. Everywhere, my authority had been final. I was limited by no age nor social condition of men, by no section of soil nor form of Government, by no phase of Politics nor school of Philosophy, and by no Religion, except one.

The Religion of Him who was the Son of the Invincible, did of course deny my Jurisdiction.—But then, thy most adroit Prince, Superstition, so successfully interwove even with *this* Religion, his ingenious *sophistries*, as to render it a most formidable power in thy Majesty's interest. He not only opened its doors to my authority, but, for many ages, he made it the grandest instrument for my operations that was ever offered me anywhere.

To what purpose I improved it, may be seen by referring to the Archives.

It is true, the ravages which I perpetrated in the Earth, during my long supremacy there, gave to thy

Great Enemy, directly, only *temporary* annoyance, as it inflicted only *temporal pain* upon the children of men. But even this *temporary* annoyance and pain were no trifle. And then I gained many *indirect* advantages there, which are *permanent*. A mighty host of *souls* were secured to thee through my instrumentality :—what time, with Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, or other great representative of thine, I stalked over the Earth, and with my iron fingers, my breath of fire, and all my infernal artillery, laid waste the nations ; producing scenes of woe, from which even ordinary *devils* shrunk aghast ; washing down the mountain sides and the vallies with torrents of human gore, and drenching all lands with tears of undying grief ; strewing the Earth with ghastly murdered corpses ; or despatching in great pits, the wounded together with the dead ; or tearing asunder with my bombshells the fair and tender forms of innocence ; or compelling starved mothers to devour their infants—quaffing their warm blood ; or abandoning great fields of the dead and disabled living, to be torn by dogs, wolves, and vultures ; or, in the darkness of night, entering human dwellings, dragging forth daughters and mothers,

sisters and wives, and in the presence of their fathers and sons, their brothers and husbands, inflicting upon them the most savage and brutal treatment, the most cruel and protracted tortures, and the bitterest and most revolting death—and each, after the most approved style of fiendish invention; or leading great armies of men into foreign lands, there, upon barren, shelterless mountains, amid fierce storms, to die by frost and starvation,—invoking with their dying breath the mercy of Heaven upon their widowed and orphaned families, far away, equally forlorn and desolate; or razing great and opulent cities to the earth, and driving forth their women and children, homeless, to wander, to beg, and to die in the way; or with my earthquake explosions, heaving into the air great masses of promiscuous humanity, tearing and mutilating their bodies in every imaginable style, and leaving great mounds of the half dead and dying, to perish by the most agonizing and protracted death; or forcing down huge precipices, at the point of the bayonet, great masses of human beings to be dashed to pieces; or holding, in the most torturing suspense, numberless families, scattered over great territories, and by the

hands of merciless savages, harassing, desolating, butchering, mangling, burning with slow fires, flaying alive, digging out eyes, cutting out tongues, stealing away children for the torture, consigning to starvation and wild beasts, less cruel than savages, defenseless women and their tender infants:

Or, what time, with my diabolical enginery, I wrought deep traces of *moral* blight throughout the entire fabric of society, reaching to its heart of hearts; trampling upon the last hopes of the poor; provoking to the highest pitch of excess the worst passions of the human soul; tempting into paths of the foulest guilt, rulers and subjects; offering great premiums for blackest crimes; mocking at Virtue, and Truth, and Temperance, and even Humanity; rolling back the waves of Civilization and Christianity, and devastating whole continents with the blight of barbarism; closing the fountains of knowledge; poisoning the virtuous affections; setting back, for ages, the tide of improvement; darkening those windows of the soul, through which had entered a few rays of light from Heaven, to inspire it with hope, and give it assurance of a glorious and eternal destiny; and degrading, to a level with the brute,

those proud nations which had talked of the Angels as their elder *brethren*—that aspiring race which had claimed, unblushingly, to have been created in the image of God.

I had lit up with my torch all Europe. Thy human tyrants, concerned for their dominions, had flown to me for succor. Then I gloated upon the rich feast of blood and hearts, spread out before the eye of my imagination, so soon and so sure to be realized.

Seldom in the history of man had so extensive a theater been offered me. And only think of the age in which it occurred! The age of proud Civilization and of meek Christianity! This circumstance improved vastly, to my taste, the flavor of the viands.

Events rolled rapidly on, and I soon found myself master of a scene which, for terrific grandeur, enormous cruelty, and unbounded suffering, seemed the very counterpart of hell itself; andhad well nigh driven me to madness for very joy.

More especially had I reason to be hilarious upon that occasion, as no great principle of Truth, no holy cause of Liberty, no imposing claim of Justice, lay

underneath the contest on either side. On both sides the Leaders were led on, and the contest was moulded, by thy own Princes. Although, for awhile at first, much restraint upon the barbarities of my rule was maintained, out of respect to 'the spirit of the age,' yet the purely infernal elements which entered into the quarrel, and all its complicities, excluding all that was unselfish and humane, eventually disclosed their origin and their character, by the unmixed atrocities and rampant fiendishness which prevailed to the end of the awful conflict.

After two years of wholesale slaughter and widespread, triumphant ruin, I humbled the pride of Europe, without securing to either or any party, except that of thy Majesty, any very marked advantage over the others; but infinite *dis*advantage to all parties but thine.

At length, being exhausted from sheer excess of good fortune, I gave the impoverished and demoralized world a little respite; and I roamed abroad for a time, recruiting myself in preparation for a new field; soon becoming the more eager for blood and destruction, on account of the excesses in which I had just indulged.

North America, secure in the possession of well-digested Republican institutions, presented me no very vulnerable point. Excepting some occasional slight difficulties, by which I succeeded in effecting a very trifling amount of mischief, no question *there* could avail to provoke a resort to my arbitrament.

Moreover, the great American Republic had learned a way to dispose of controversies with an adroitness which altogether eluded my authority. Having a high sense of national justice; possessing a Constitution which tended to overcome the selfish propensities, the spirit of which coincided pretty nearly with that antiquated dogma called the Golden Rule, and which encouraged an honorable ambition to excel only by unexceptionable means; composed mostly of a race who possessed the noblest and amplest qualities of soul; holding a position upon the globe favorable to the preclusion of foreign influence; and enjoying a power which insured her against all external machinations—she was conscious of her ability to shape her own affairs and create her own destiny.

She was the first to set the example to the world of achieving conquests, in rapid succession, and on

a scale of great magnificence, without an appeal to my tribunal.

This alarmed me exceedingly.

I perceived that the Angel of Peace was elaborating a plan of operations of some sort, both novel and bold, to gain over the world to her most odious policy. A smile of unusual brightness and an expression of confident hope sat upon her countenance; and a renewed vigor animated her movements, which, in connection with the other indications that I had shrewdly detected in the Western continent, filled me with the most dismal apprehensions.

For a considerable period I had laid the flattering unction of *Slavery* to my soul. Thy Prince of Oppression had settled his cold iron hand upon the West, and had gained there a deep and vital grasp, coeval with, and in spite of those liberal Institutions which had distinguished that portion of the world. He, under the form of American Slavery, had promised me, for many years, a field of carnage and desolation, such as I have seldom enjoyed in all my bloody career.

The crisis at length came. But the Angels of Education, of Invention and of Democracy, had so art-

fully and so harmoniously played into the hands of Peace, and had brought about, by the wonderful Art of Printing and other equally astonishing discoveries, such a concurrence of untoward instrumentalities, that, wonderful to relate and most painful to confess, thy Prince Oppression grew disgusted; insomuch that he decided, at length, to loosen his grasp, and return to Europe.

It was shrewdly suspected by our party—both devils and men—that thy Great Enemy in Chief, had, in some way, a very direct agency in bringing about those untoward coincidences which made the climate of America so uncomfortable to thy noble Prince.

For precisely the men, without whom successful resistance against thy powerful and well-organized forces would have seemed an impossibility, were provided for the occasion. These men, with a most marvellously clear eye-sight, (which was thought by some to be a providential endowment,) did also exhibit in their lives the most gigantic virtues—virtues, at least, which appeared gigantic to us.

One champion, whose pre-eminence in these qualities gave him the principal leadership of the Angel's hosts, in spite of all the machinations of the great

Beelzebub, serenely, but fearlessly, and against the most formidable odds, with his hand and his eye lifted to heaven, did, in behalf of his country and of Man, undertake to dethrone thy Prince of the iron heel, and the cold, iron hand. He cleared away the accumulated rubbish and colwebs of the old and heterogeneous schools,—which, to a great extent, were under thy patronage,—rejected their authority, and invoked in a voice which resounded through the world, a Higher Law.

The engagement was desperate. The suspense was most agonizing. But Slavery was finally routed. The chains of Oppression in the Western world were broken asunder. Peace hovered triumphantly over the land, and secured with her silver cords, the interests and the hearts of all the people.

Then my fate in AMERICA was sealed. Thenceforward my power declined with a hurried pace.—For the Great American Republic, when once the hydra-demon of Slavery was banished from her shores, went forward as the great chosen instrument of the Eternal, conquering a Peace—a Republican Peace—in all her sister nations of the Western Hemisphere. Finally, in a marvellously short period of

time, the traces of my power upon that Continent could nowhere be contemplated, except upon the page of the historian.

The example, furnished by America to the Eastern World, soon, also, wrought momentous consequences *there*.

Thy Tyrants, through a course of many centuries, had diligently opposed the education of the masses of the people. They had labored faithfully, in conjunction with thy noble Princes of Ignorance, Superstition and Poverty, to shackle and clog the souls of men, and to barricade all the inroads of Knowledge, Truth and Justice.

But the ever-restless angel of Invention had descended from the heavenly City, and had whispered in the ear of man, the glorious art of Printing. And in defiance of all the ingenuity of Hell, this Art had gradually dispelled the thick darkness which had evermore imprisoned the souls of the great masses of humanity, and let in ray after ray of new and heavenly light.

The dormant spirit of man was warmed into activity by these rays from heaven, and welcomed to its embrace the Angels of SCIENCE and INVEN-

TION. And the wondrous and innumerable appliances of Steam and Electricity, as well as of other natural Forces, were ushered upon the world in rapid succession; opening the floodgates of Knowledge to all people of all Lands, and revolutionizing every thing.

The success of AMERICA had furnished an object, the general dissemination of intelligence, had pointed to the means, of numerous revolutionary movements in Europe. Tyrants began to dream dreams and to see visions. And some, it was said, were even thrown into most violent paroxysms of fear, by the mysterious appearance of a strange *hand writing* upon the walls.

Now notwithstanding the desperate condition of things in the West, which, at the time, transfixed me as with a thousand poisoned arrows, when I turned my eye to the East, and beheld there the rich and extensive harvest field of human fruit, so fast ripening for my sickle, lo! they were all extracted as by magic.

True, the holy cause of *Liberty* was to be the prime pretext of the promised Revolution. True, also, the triumph of that Cause had, in the West,

riuned *my* prospects, and infinitely damaged thy *Majesty's* interests. Still, I felt assured that so mysterious a conspiracy of unfriendly influences as had there prevailed, would never again be likely to oppose thy noble Prince Oppression; and that, as in former times, the conflict must eventuate in his favor; and the field be left in a condition greatly improved for the prosperity of thy Majesty's cause, in all respects. So I looked forward to the promised struggle with real complacency.

I will not deny, that a few circumstances, of ill omen, diluted somewhat my fiendish enjoyment.

An extraordinary genius,—a man, gifted with angelic virtues and with a vision more than human, had risen up in the heart of Europe, and thundered forth upon the heads of all Tyrants the most scathing denunciations. When he spake, all the nations listened, as to the tongue of inspiration; and his words roused into action myriads of congenial hearts, ready, life in hand, to engage in any undertaking which sought the levelling of Thrones, and the establishment of popular Sovereignty.

When he lifted his hand against the rod of the Oppressor, a nation flew to his aid, eager to spill their

lives at his word. And all nations joined in aspirations to Heaven for his welfare.

When overcome by the leagued myrmidons of Despotism, he walked unharmed through their midst; and friendly armaments met and conducted him, safely, to the far off Land of the Free.

Here, spontaneous honors thronged at his feet, and obstructed his passage. He opened his lips, and the world trembled with his eloquence from centre to circumference. His new and startling dogmas captivated the consciences and the hearts of men, as by magic.

Nurtured in the darkest corners of Despotism, his teachings illuminated the hemisphere of Freedom with new brilliancy. A poor wandering Exile, the mightiest intellects were proud to do him homage. Flattery and menaces alike, fell harmless at his feet. Regardless alike of the praise and the censure of men, all stations were equal in his sight.—The poor and the rich, the high and the low, were honored equally by him, only as they stood before him upon the scale of heroic virtue and hallowed intelligence.

No glittering prospect; no kingly gift; no lowering evil; no cruel privation; no burning grief,—

ever swerved his true soul from her steadfast course, or ever beguiled him for one moment into forgetfulness of his holy mission-work.

The page of History has no ornament brighter than this name.

Other spirits also, bearing a similar stamp, arose, responding to the voice of this great Leader; echoing his prophecies from various and far-distant lands; careless of the threats, unmoved by the terrors, and indifferent to the bribes of Despotism.

The world, at the period known among men as the last of the Nineteenth Century, presented a moral aspect to which History could furnish no parallel. No doubt, many great changes had arisen, in themselves palpably advantageous to *us*. Still, notwithstanding all the retrograde currents in the great tide of Human Development, it had been vain to deny the truth of a general advancive movement.

The glaring example of the great West; this advanced enlightenment of the world; the wonderful improvements of Art; the dismay of the Tyrants, evinced by their increased cruelty and intolerance; and, above all, this critical advent of these unselfish and giant-souled Heroes; together with

the spontaneous and universal sympathy which they met in the great masses of mankind, and which cemented them together in bonds of more than brotherhood; these were the circumstances which caused me, now and then, a little trifling *anxiety;* and reminded me, but too forcibly, of the Divine Intermeddling which had been shrewdly suspected in the establishment and protection of the great Western Republics.

Not that I allowed myself to doubt, in *any* view of the case, a season of unparalleled carnage, near at hand. I knew the *Tyrants* too well to doubt *that*. I knew the mettle of the noble Prince *Oppression* too well. I knew the blindness—the stolidity—with which he was wont to rule his votaries, too well to indulge any fear on *that* score. Especially, as I had observed on the other hand, a spirit of unusual recklessness and death-defiance, universally prevailing throughout the Nations of Europe; overruled and directed, stimulated and nourished by the Angel of Liberty. So I had no room left for doubt that my reign was soon to *begin* in Europe, almost, as it were, without check or balance. But the *duration* of this reign was a more

questionable matter. It would be somewhat extended, no doubt; but then it must necessarily cease, or be suspended, with the triumph of either party. If of the *former* party, my prospects of subsequent dominion might still be regarded as flattering; but if of the *latter*, then, judging from the turn which matters had taken in the great West, they must be fraught with extreme dubiousness.

On one side, the sinews of Despotism—Iron and Gold—in all their cunningly devised forms and complications; to allure, to intimidate, to coerce; supported by the most formidable regiments and ablest generals in all thy Majesty's infernal realms; on the other side, holy, self-sacrificing determination; honest conviction of right—heaven-vested, inalienable right; supported by the Angel Liberty, with her legions of heavenly hosts; to inspire the Armies of the Oppressed with wisdom from above, with unfaltering perseverance, and with a spirit of Martyrdom, which laughed at the terrors of Death, and claimed victory, even under chains and torture.

Such were the elements, which were gathering, consolidating and arranging themselves, for the all-decisive conflict.

The occasion, (if any thing upon so tame a theater as the earth might be named in connection with the Infinite,) did remind me of that fatal Morning upon the heights of *Olympus*, when my eyes first beheld the light: when, according to any sort of reasonable calculation which finite power, of whatever grade, might possibly institute, thy positions, held by such an army as thine, were absolutely impregnable: so secretly, so adroitly and so speedily had thy defenses been chosen; and with such amazing facility had the subjects of the Throne been seduced into thy ranks.

That Morning, pregnant with the fate of a Universe, stands alone in Eternity, and must forever stand alone, for unapproachable grandeur and sublimity; and with no desire to harrow up thy Majesty's unwelcome recollections, I may add—for unparelleled Folly.

The Folly perpetrated by thy Majesty upon that dread Morning, (with due regard I proclaim it,) was the crowning and parent Folly of Eternity. By that one Folly, of opposing the Infinite with finite Power, the foundations of Hell were laid, and thy Damnation was sealed—eternally—irrevocably sealed!

But thy true glory and excellence had all deserted thee, whilst yet thy pride and vanity were unbroken. For upon that memorable morn, when first I sprang from thy right arm into existence, I saw with my eye the lustre fading from thy brow, and blackness and gloom gathering thick and portentous over all thy countless hosts; whilst glory, brighter and brighter, dazzled like a flame throughout the Enemy's field.

After His Angels and loftiest Archangels had been repulsed again and again by the prowess of thy arms—even when the final victory seemed hovering within thy reach—behold, a new Leader appeared in the field against thee—the Son and Representative of the Omnipotent!

This valiant Leader, whom many declare to be equal with His Father in Power and Glory, not only stood His ground against thy terrible artillery, but proceeded, dauntlessly, to assault thy strongest works. With thunders which shook the Universe, and with lightnings which pierced even into Chaos, igniting these unformed, sulphureous mountains, He forced thy positions, stormed thy fortresses, drove thee precipitately from the field, and with

fiery vengeance pursued thee to the extremest verge of Olympus. There, essaying to spread the wing for other orbs in space, ye fell, in a dead perpendicular line, swifter than a comet's flight—fell and fell and fell, by the force of homogeneous gravitation, until here, upon this huge, unshapen continent, ye landed; where all the elements, in their fiercest extremes, meet, and evermore contend for the mastery.

Here is our dread, eternal home. For whenever, in the prosecution of thy behests, we have occasion to dart away into climes however distant, this adamantine chain of gravitation still encircles us, and impels us hitherward still, with increasing momentum, and with unfailing constancy.

Now the struggle which was so unquestionably approaching in Europe, was not worthy to be *mentioned*, in comparison with this first, and inconceivably the grandest, in the annals of the Universe.—Still, I must confess that a few trifling circumstances, in the course of the latter, did occasionally, in spite of myself, either from a sort of accidental similarity, or some indefinable cause, bring up, before the vision of my mind, the ghost of the former. It did also, once or twice, occur to me, that if, by any set of

new and unaccountable coincidences, the cause of the people should happen to *triumph* in this coming struggle, then thy power in the Earth might, possibly, sustain relations in some sort parallel with those which anciently resulted from the other, in Heaven.

I know these speculations are *distasteful* to thy Majesty. I know this from thy unusually distorted features. But I have not thus interrupted the thread of my speech for any inimical purpose; but solely to prepare thy ear to receive the truth, which remains to be disclosed, in the direct line of my narrative.

As the great War approached nearer and nearer, the subjects of Oppression grew in strength and in confidence from day to day. Not only was I suspicious of Divine interference for their benefit, but one fact soon became too notorious to be doubted anywhere;—namely, that they were deriving supplies of all kinds, for the prosecution of the war, from the Western Republics.

This policy, on the part of the Great West, was condemned, even by some people at home; on the ground that it violated the international laws of neutrality; and that it had, from the first dawn of

Republicanism, been regarded by all wise and prudent Statesmen, as most dangerous in its tendency.

On the other hand, it was urged with much assurance:

1. That laws, higher than any of the semi-barbarous enactments of Tyrants, had claims upon the regard of the great and powerful Republics of the West, paramount to all others;—laws which the God of Humanity had Himself enacted.

2. That Tyrants were all usurpers.

3. That the only Sovereignty, which deserved recognition by a sovereign people, was that with which God, the Source of all power, had clothed each and every man he had made.

4. That the only question in the premises, which deserved consideration, was that which related to the ability of the nation to assert and maintain their sovereign rights.

5. And, finally, That as it had been sufficiently demonstrated by the growing strength and transcendent prosperity of the Great West, under its pacific institutions, that the only way to establish universal Peace in the world was by planting and maintaining Freedom in all lands,—Therefore, the sooner so glo-

rious a consummation could be effected, by whatever expense of treasure or of blood, the better for the human race would it ultimately be.

The last mentioned view of the case, became the prevailing one. And all the various forms of sympathy vied with each other, in furnishing material aid to the rebels of Europe.

By all these causes, combined with others which time fails me to mention, the Thrones began to totter. The hireling soldiery, in many instances, caught the fire of Liberty; and, rank and file, they wheeled upon the side of the people. Their masters had not been successful in repelling the waves of intelligence which had flooded the world. And intelligence and Slavery had but little *affinity* for each other.

The spirits of thy children sank within them. A tide, resistless as the sea, bore down upon them, and they could only fly to the mountains for safety. But as if, in desperation, they had given themselves up to madness, their fiendishness and cruelty triumphed over all their humane instincts, and gave the Nations a lively foretaste of Hell.

The crowned heads of Europe formed themselves into a Grand Alliance. This was their last and forlorn hope. They flattered themselves that a formidable parade of power—such as they might possibly effect, by a general union of their resources, would overawe the democracy, as it had often done before, and bring all things into their accustomed channel.

With one exception, this compact embraced all the Royal heads of Europe.

Then stood I upon the loftiest pinnacle of my glory. Then was I king of kings in the Earth, and lord of lords. My star had attained his zenith; and shone with a broad and fearful glare upon the abodes of men. But that lurid lustre was the harbinger of my eternal doom. The star of Peace was presently to emerge from the dark horizon, and mounting the heavens apace, to shed his radiant beams from that same meridian height, upon all the children of humanity, evermore. From that pinnacle of glory I fell down into the pit which has no bottom. With the most overwhelming ruin I ever wrought, I had the capital misfortune to ruin myself forever. 'The bloodiest picture in the book of time,' was the last that I was ever to trace upon its pages.

The *exception* was Great Britain.

A disaffection towards tyrants had, for many ages, been growing in the hearts of the British people. The most essential bonds of despotism, they had severed long before. With natural powers and proclivities, which encouraged cultivation, Fortune had planted them upon a soil highly favorable to their development. Enlightened and enterprising, they had, centuries before, opened the way to the great Western Continent, and peopled it with their sons. The nations, there, had grown up, under their eye, as a child to man's estate. Liberty, both in reality and in form, had there swept away all vestiges of Prince Oppression's rule. And the people of Britain were not ignorant of the unspeakable benefits which had resulted to the Americans from their own untrammelled sovereignty. Although, in *form*, hereditary Royalty was still at the head of the British Nation, its *real* sovereignty had nearly deserted the Crown; and its sympathies, from the highest to the lowest, swayed gently, but firmly, upon the side of Democracy and Freedom.

In the gigantic Contest, whose low distant rumblings were now beginning to jar the foundations of

Christendom, and to blanch the cheeks of mankind with terror, they nobly discarded all the old trappings of Aristocracy, which their sterling sense had condemned long before—as unworthy to be tolerated by a people so free—and threw the weight of their power and their influence upon the scale where their sympathies had already fallen.

Bloody England had at length discovered the enormity of her former career, and become disgusted with her own character. After having led all the European Nations into the deepest and cruellest mysteries of my art—the art by which she had raised herself to the very summit of greatness—at the critical point of time when her adherence to thy standard was vitally essential to thy cause in the Earth, she treacherously *deserted* it, and solemly acknowledged herself a Republic; closing all the avenues of my approach to her Island, and lending the aid of her powerful arm to the struggling subjects of Oppression upon the Continent.

Upon the eve of this all-decisive struggle, the great Beelzebub summoned me to his Council.

Here upon this very height, sitting upon the Throne which thy supreme Majesty now dignifies,

overwhelmed with misgivings in view of the unpend ing conflict, thus he charged me :

'*O Faithful Prince of War!*

Another precipice yawns before us. As, from our great Olympian struggle we stepped down from Heaven into these dark places, so may we presently step down from the Earth still lower,—into still deeper woe. Another era, blacker than any in the past, lowers before us, and threatens to engrave itself upon the enduring pages of our History. I see with my far-reaching eye, a black cloud in the great distance, and in the body of the cloud I distinguish the form of a mighty Angel of Light. His face is triumphant and joyful, and in his left hand, which he reaches benignly toward the earth, I see something like a branch from an olive tree. And in his right hand I perceive a fiery sword, pointing fiercely towards *us*. And as the words drop from my ashy lips the cloud enlarges and grows still blacker and more threatening.

'O, Prince War! hasten to the earth. And since, peradventure, it may be thy last visit upon her shores, I charge thee, leave thy traces there so deep

that centuries may not efface them. Fill all the vials of thy fierce destruction, and pour them out upon the inhabitants of the earth. Let all human flesh quiver at thy rage, and all human souls be struck dumb with thy terrors. Far and near let thy bolts fly, far and wide let thy ruins spread. Let all the cruelties and all the tortures, inflicted upon the human race in days of yore, by thy bloody hand, be as the play of children—as the merest beginnings of evil—compared with the general earthquake, now to break up the foundations of society, and to belch forth upon all lands the noisome lava of Hell.

'All the infernal engines are at thy command.—Ransack at will the Laboratory of old Vulcan! All the devils, high and low, shall obey thee. Even Beelzebub *himself* shall not scorn to serve thee, in this, the greatest and perchance the last of the sublunary wars. Speed thee, War, upon thy mission. Beelzebub will meet thee again in the valley of the Rhine.'

To describe the scenes which then befel in the earth, language would be utterly powerless. Imagination will guide thee far nearer the awful reality.

I may only say, it was the grandest and most terrible of my earthly exploits. But, excepting only the immediate capital which it yielded thy cause, it not only resulted in stark barrenness of Evil, but His Celestial Majesty did contrive to turn it to His own most incredible benefit, and of course, to thy Majesty's proportionate disadvantage. It also subserved, prodigiously, to hasten the final catastrophe of thy Cause, and His final triumph over thee in the earth.

For the Angel of Liberty eventually triumphed.

And in the train of Liberty, Peace followed.

The Earth at large felt the relief.

After a System of Governments had been duly organized, according to the Western models, spreading its arms to embrace the entire of Europe, and even more, the next great question which demanded the attention of mankind, was that which related to *my* jurisdiction. It was first agitated in America; but speedily enlisted the ablest capacities in all Christendom.

The revolting features of my tribunal, in its most revolting character, fresh in the recollections of all men, earnestly engaged everybody in an uncompro-

mising determination to crush me out, if possible, from the entire Footstool of God. All people in all civilized lands, were eager, in their bitter disgust, to listen to any propositions, from whatever quarter, to join in any scheme, plausible or even *possible*, for the utter extirpation of my authority in the earth.

A Congress of *Nations* was suggested. And as the initiatory step towards the great consummation, so unanimously and so devoutly wished, it was accepted and hailed by universal acclamation.

It was an Era next in importance and sublimity to that of the Advent, at Bethlehem.

The title of *king*, was destined, thenceforward, to be obsolete; Despotism, a barbarity; and my terror-fraught reign in Christendom, purely historical.

Each Nation, by its popular suffrage, delegated a certain number of its citizens, according to its relative census, to this CONGRESS; with the authority to propose and to consent to measures for the permanent establishment of Peace.

As AMERICA had been the Pioneer of Liberty, for the Nations, AMERICA was designated as the seat of the great INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

In due time, this fatal CONGRESS assembled; fa-

tal to *thy* supremacy—pre-eminently fatal to *my* authority, in the earth.

August Convocation! unparalleled in the annals of Time! big with the Destiny of worlds! fit to be ranked with the Councils of Eternity!

All the members of this mighty assemblage lent themselves, body and soul, to the accomplishment of the great object for which it had been convoked; and each assisted, with right good will, to settle upon a system of rules by which all questions, however grave or difficult, should thenceforward be disposed of, short of an appeal to my tribunal.

After long and laborious deliberation, a system was unanimously adopted. It was called the *International Constitution.*

This, if it please your Majesty, I will here repeat.

INTERNATIONAL CONSTITUTION.

'In the name of God and man, now and forever:

'We, the Representatives of all Christian Nations, duly chosen, for the perpetual Abolition of War throughout the world, Do ordain this CONSTITUTION as the highest Human Law; until it shall

be repealed or amended, by the voice of two-thirds of our number, or of a future Congress similarly appointed.

'*Article I.* The INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS shall consist of four Members from each of the Republics, designated as follows; to wit:

'The United States of America, The United States of South America, Mexico, Great Britain, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Sardinia, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Turkey, Persia, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Prussia, Ireland, Denmark, Liberia, North Africa, Australia, and whatever Republic may hereafter be organized, and may desire to be represented in this CONGRESS, in any part of the world.

'These Members shall be chosen, respectively, in the same manner that each Nation shall choose the Members of the most popular branch of its chief Legislative body.

'*Article II.* For the purpose of enforcing the provisions of this Constitution, each Nation shall support a well-disciplined Army or Navy, of not more than one soldier for every thousand, nor less than one for every two thousand of its inhabitants;

and also, an arsenal, sufficient to equip and supply a body of soldiers, not larger than five times, nor smaller than three times, its established Army or Navy.

'*Article III.* All international disputes, which may not otherwise be amicably disposed of, shall be referred to the International Congress; and a majority of voices in this body shall decide them. If either of the parties shall be dissatisfied with the decision, and, within three months after it shall be first declared, shall move for a reconsideration of the question or questions in dispute—in that case, the matter shall be reconsidered by this Congress, at its session next ensuing but one. A decision then duly rendered by a majority of Representatives, entitled to a seat in Congress, shall be final. If, in such case, the previous decision shall be affirmed, the Nation which moved for a reconsideration shall be held answerable to the other party for all real damages suffered, in consequence of the delay necessary for reconsideration.

'*Article IV.* If any Nation or Government shall neglect, or shall obstinately refuse, to abide by the decisions of the International Congress, or by all

the [illegible] nor shall any No[illegible] shall, without the [illegible] of the Body of the settlement of its [illegible] any act of hostility by which [illegible] shall in any way, by molestation, or damage, aid [illegible] Nation or be [illegible] the duty of instantly demanding [illegible] demand and to procure from the said nation or the aggressor, ample redress for the injured party; and to levy a fine upon such aggressor or offender, sufficient to defray all expenses resulting, necessarily, from his act or acts of hostility, his neglect or his opposition.

Article V. All the Military Forces and Stores, of any and all Nations, shall, as far as necessary for the suppression of actual hostilities, and the enforcement of the provisions of this Constitution, be subject to the control of Congress, and of the General-in-Chief of all Military forces. The General-in-Chief shall be appointed, by a majority in Congress, once in five years or oftener, if necessary, from death, inability or misconduct. And he shall be subject to the direction and control of Congress in all Military operations. But no Commander shall call into the field any Military force, except by a special

act of Congress. Every Nation shall contribute, from its general Treasury, equally, to the compensation of such Commander, which compensation shall be fixed by Congress.

"*Article VI.* Congress, until it shall otherwise determine, shall hold annual sessions of at least nine months; triennially, in New-York, in London, and in Paris—shall appoint its own officers—make laws for its own conduct—shall have power to punish or expel its members for reasonable cause—and shall fix the amount of compensation for its members; provided that no member shall receive more than twenty, nor less than ten dollars per day; and provided that no law, changing such compensation, shall take effect in less than three years after its passage. Each Nation shall pay the per diem of its own members; together with an outfit for each, of not more than Ten Thousand, nor less than Five Thousand Dollars; the particular amount of which shall be determined by each nation for itself.

"*Article VII.* The International Court shall consist of the *Chief Judicial officer* of each and every Nation which shall be represented in this Congress.

"This Court shall never be convened

"In case that in the opinion of the highest judicial tribunal of any Nation represented in the INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS, a majority of that tribunal shall deem that this CONGRESS shall, in its actions, have exceeded its powers, as defined by this CONSTITUTION, such tribunal, the INTERNATIONAL COURT, shall review the action of CONGRESS thus objected to; each Member of that COURT separately declaring his opinion in writing, together with the reasons upon which his opinion shall be based. The opinion of each and every Member shall be rendered within six months after the question shall first be raised. At the end of that period, the opinion of each Member of this COURT, which shall have been officially declared to the *Secretary of State* of his respective Nation, shall, by every such *Secretary of State*, be officially published to the world. If a majority of these opinions shall affirm the judgment of the single tribunal which shall have raised the question—then, the action of CONGRESS, thus disapproved, shall be null and void; the opinion of the tribunal which raised the question not being counted, except there shall be a tie without it; in which case that opinion shall be counted."

May it please your Satanic Majesty, when this CONSTITUTION was adopted by the Convention, my doom on the Earth was sealed. Strange as it may seem, it triumphed against all thy emissaries. And with it, triumphed God and Humanity. And Hell trembled with consternation."

Now I observed in my vision that at this point in the speech of Prince War, Satan, evidently laboring under the most uncomfortable emotions, interrupted him thus:

SATAN'S REPLY TO WAR.

"*Prince War:*

Thy words have fallen upon my spirit like fiery daggers. Their weight is too crushing, their pungency too suffocating for me to endure. Allow me a little respite, War,—a little *change*,—to stifle the consuming fire which thou hast kindled within me.

Still, I will not own that Satan is disheartened. I will yet be revenged for these disasters. I shall soon again have need of thy services, Prince War. Thou

shalt yet go forth in thy might and make the Universe tremble with thy valor.

But give way, a little while, for the present, my most excellent Prince, for the next noble witness; and let the *Trial of Belzebub* proceed."

When Satan had thus spoken, another mighty Prince came forward and placed himself upon the stand, whose name was AVARICE.

The form of this Demon was unshapely, gaunt and shrivelled. His head was small, his eyes were restless and drooping, his arms of extraordinary length, his fingers attenuated and bony, his face and features sharp, his gait was sneaking, his voice harsh and shrill. Altogether, he seemed the caricature of a man, the most hideous that can possibly be conceived.

He came forward with many gesticulations; not directly and straight forward, but side wise, backward, and by a crooked, uncertain rout; changing his course at every other step, and putting himself into a variety of untoward and ludicrous attitudes. At length he brought himself up, partially in front of Satan, and addressed that awful Potentate thus:

delivered over in vast num-

thy other noble Prin-

Ignorance and *Oppres-*

also, are indebted for

its [illegible] influence upon

[illegible] excited to anger and

[illegible] with weapons of

[illegible] such won-

[illegible] By me the deadliest pas-

[illegible] and *Murder* and

[illegible] I hardened

[illegible] his brother man, and taught

[illegible] that 'Might gives Right;'

[illegible] this doctrine became exceed-

[illegible] And thy excellent *Prince Oppres-*

[illegible] his fetters upon innumerable

[illegible]; and delivered them up to

thy [illegible] Prince of *Ignorance and Superstition*

and *Persecution*—and to thee. It was I who opposed,

with [illegible] power, the beautiful goddess who

waged war with thy glorious Prince *Intemperance*;

and enabled him to postpone the day of his final

overthrow for many human generations; and to se-

cure, meanwhile, numberless trophies, which he now claims as his own.

Finally, I wrought with such constant, though silent energy, upon the heart, as to break down, one by one, the bars which conscience had erected; snapping, one after another, the delicate fibres of moral sensibility; stupefying with my spiritual narcotics, all the gentle and amiable affections which God had stationed as sentinels, upon the watch-towers of the heart; and then introducing, for its entire occupation, my own train of subordinate devils, who were such skillful and dexterous navigators of the human bark, that when once they were fully inaugurated in the command, it were 'easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle,' than for one of their subjects to 'enter the kingdom of heaven.'

The wisest of men discovered, early in the course of time, something of my true character. I was posted by them as 'the Root of all Evil.' What testimony more flattering than *that* could I possibly have desired?

Most men, knowing and acknowledging me as their most dangerous enemy, nevertheless, surrendered themselves up to my control.

As time rolled on, the trunk which I threw up grew and expanded to the most magnificent dimensions; and sent forth branches as far-reaching as the family of Adam. And the tree was never barren. Every branch of it was fruitful.

But notwithstanding I was both seen and felt, by philosophers, to be the most fruitful evil of the world, there was still a charm and fascination, in my presence, which paralyzed opposition. In all Nations, especially the most civilized and Christian, I was tolerated with an amazing latitude. Indeed I seemed to thrive best in the shade of Christianity. There was a seeming *refinement* in my character, which, however, was only *seeming;* for, on the very contrary, all my strength was employed in degrading, contracting and dwarfing the noblest attributes of the human soul. There was always a show of plausibility, of some sort, in my operations upon the mind; and I always guarded my most flagrant acts with a kind of convenient, extenuating *logic*, which my lord Hypocrisy was constantly at hand to furnish me; and which, with the mist which I generally contrived to cast before the eye of conscience, answered my purpose well.

Society was compelled to enact laws against my *unlimited* sway, lest all civilization should speedily deteriorate into barbarism. These laws, whilst they checked me, considerably, in the execution of my purposes, still allowed me abundant opportunities of evil. So successfully did I improve those opportunities, that I boldly affirm, in presence of this august Convocation, but chiefly of thee, O SATAN, had it not been for that cursed *Restriction Code*, enacted, first as an experiment, for the express purpose of overthrowing my power, I might have averted, of my own strength, that critical Catastrophe, which has ruined all thy sublunary schemes.

I had wrought so long, so successfully, and with so little opposition which deserved the name, that for ages I had counted upon an undisturbed career of increasing prosperity, to the end of time.

Numerous, however, had been the devices of the great Philanthropists, to render my influence upon society *nugatory*. The ingenuity of man, in his estate most nearly approximating Divinity, in all ages and Nations, had exhausted itself in vain endeavors to intercept my triumphal career, and render me unpopular. I rode on, victorious, defiant of all human or Divine opposition.

In the remote ages of civilization, *Lycurgus*, and later in History, *Fourier*, and his followers, of variously modified stamp, with great flourish of trumpets, promising themselves an easy conquest, opened their batteries against me; but they barely succeeded to disturb my equanimity, for a brief space; making no sensible impression upon my works, only to develop their strength, whilst exhibiting to the world their own insignificance.

But thy ever-sleepless Foe had determined, in his *Eternal Councils*, to display His Almighty Power; first, by effecting my complete subjugation, and then my utter extermination from the world.—For well do I know,—and here affirm it as a verification of His Infinite and unapproachable Supremacy,—that no power, short of Omnipotence Itself, could ever have *conquered* me, in my labyrinthian fastnesses, which I had erected in the heart of mankind.

America, the Pioneer of political Liberty and Equality, was chosen also to lead the campaign which was destined to liberate mankind from *my* domination.

In one of those Territorial Governments, preparatory to the State, which, one after another, sprang up in the Western World, to unite their strength to the general sisterhood of States, the great Struggle began.

In the Council convened to establish the Fundamental Law of the Land, was heard a Leading Voice, full of inspiration from Heaven, advocating a new and strange Theory.

It spake thus,—addressing the Chief of the Council:

'*Mr. President:*

It is time for a new Dispensation. It is high time for the Human Race to surrender its claim to Divine relationship, or else to support that claim by some perceptible progress towards the Divinity.

'The lips of men have long been eloquent with eulogies upon Human Progress; and many are the schemes which have claimed it as their own veritable identity. But, Sir, I ask, now and here,—in this Nineteenth Century, and in the most advanced country on earth,—what have we to show as evidence of *real* Progress, made within the last hundred years?

'You will observe, Sir, that by *Human Progress* I mean something beyond merely *mechanical* or *scientific* improvements. These, although they sometimes serve as general conveniences and blessings, (which would *always* be the case in a true state of society,) are more apt, under the present order of things,—while they benefit, in a minor sense, but small portions of the world,—to do greater injury to much *larger* portions, by depriving them of labor and the means of comfortable subsistence; and by widening the disparity of *condition* among men; thus encouraging their evil passions and practices.

'True Human Progress is measured by its enhancement of the value of *life;* and life is increased in value only by increasing the positive *good* which it yields. And this good must grow more and more *general*, and must also increase in *durability*. The evils which exist in society must gradually decrease. Fewer cases of *suffering* must arise; and those which *do* arise must be of a milder form. Crime, and excesses of all kinds, must become less and less frequent.

'This condition must be attained, not as the immediate result of Coercive Law, but as the fruit of

a principle in all hearts,—a principle which indicates a relationship with the Divinity,—a principle of Divine gravitation.

'Whether, from the prevalence of some religious dogma, which *denies* the *progressibility* of Man, the effort has not been made with sufficient earnestness; or, whether from an ignorance of the true method of procedure, all efforts have been misdirected; or, whether because those who have possessed the power and the means of promoting Human Progress have lacked the disposition to *use* them,—it is a very sad and a very shameful thing to utter, but none the less true and necessary to be spoken,—that the world is standing still,—that, with all the noisy pretention and vain-glory of man, which float upon every breeze, touching his own importance and the mighty works of his hand, he has infinitely more reason for humiliation and shame, than for self-praise and congratulation.

'But, Sir, I am no misanthropist. These plain words are spoken in kindness and in faith. Yes, Sir, I have strong faith in Human Progress; not so much the Progress of the Past, as of the Future. Faith—that Humanity will yet attest her claims to

the Divine relationship:—that the dearth of the Past is but the harbinger of a glorious harvest of Progress in the Future.

'But it were even worse than *useless* to give utterance to such sentiments as these, except as an introduction to some Theory of action which may furnish new occasion for hope.

'If the too palpable fact be admitted, that in spite of all Theories hitherto submitted for that object, real Human Progress has, for the last century, been a stranger to the world; and if no plan, at present undergoing experiment, has any such object in view,—then, surely, there can be no harm in *introducing* such a plan, however dim the prospect of success.

'It was written anciently, and has been confirmed by all experience,' 'that the Demon of Avarice is the origin of all Evil.' But, with the simple announcement of this theoretical fact, all men have continually rested. A few, who have been termed *fanatics*, have now and then projected certain theories of action, some of which have given a momentary flash of promise. But, in every instance, this

flash of promise has presently subsided into deeper darkness.

'The Tree of Evil is yet vigorous and far-spreading. Sometimes its branchlets have been clipped off, and its redundant growth a little checked; but no man can show that the main trunk has of late been materially damaged, or the root injuriously disturbed. The attacks hitherto made upon it, however well intended, have too generally served but as healthful *prunings*, or as a gentle stirring of its *root-fibres*, just suitable to promote its more vigorous growth.

'Your *benevolent institutions*, so-called, and your *private charities*—what do they accomplish, Sir?—Barely, they sometimes relieve humanity, just sufficiently, of its burdens, to tolerate its existence and prolong its miseries. Indeed, they are mostly but compromises between Self-Interest and the decencies of Civilization; and reach but a shallow distance towards the great deep of human depravity and woe.

'And your legal penalties—your goals, penitentiaries and work-houses—what of *them*? They stand as objects of terror—as *scarecrows*, merely to frighten the depraved from the commission of overt crime.

But do they transform the heart? Do they suggest a purer life? Do they encourage better purposes? Do they render Virtue more attractive? Do they inspire their subjects with hope and with that kind of repentance which begets reformation? What is the avowed *object* of these Institutions? Is it not solely to rid society of the overt acts of the criminal? Is there any *beneficence* in them? Are they not monuments of the selfishness of society?—living tombs for the burial of those unfortunates with whose education society does not care to be troubled, or with the expense of which it would prefer not to be charged?

'But understand me, Sir; I do not *condemn* them altogether. In the present condition of society, they are indispensable to its existence. And self-preservation is the first law. That is right; for Nature enacted it. But man makes it also the *second*, the *third*, and the *last* law. This is wrong; for God hath said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Love is the *second* law; and its fruits are kindness and beneficence.

'These institutions serve, only, to lop off a few of the most obnoxious branches of the Tree of Evil;

and then, within certain broad limits, rather to *encourage* its growth. It is so firmly rooted in the soil of human nature, and its branches are so intimately interwoven in the fabric of Society, that it has long been conceded—by even the best of men—to be a part of the Economy of God. And all attempts to eradicate it, or materially to impair the vigor of its root, have been abandoned as futile.—But such concession and abandonment, Sir, seem to me, to savor most strongly of irreverence towards God, and of unkindness to man.

'Let but the *second* law of God prevail in society, as well as the *first*,—let the law of *love* be adopted as a principle of social and legislative policy,—let the two laws of self-preservation and of charity prevail, in harmonious union, in all our public Institutions—and depend on it, Sir, we shall soon see them prevailing, also, in private life; and triumphantly reigning throughout the world at large.

'But you ask, impatiently, "What *remedy* have you to propose? What *practical* remedy? The world is *full* of preaching," say you, "and has always *been* so. Your complaint is just. We acknowledge all you ask and much *more*. Man is sadly depraved, and

the regulations of society are consequently imperfect and full of evil. These things are beyond all controversy. But what else? Let us know your wonderful *remedy*. For surely to be a *true* remedy it must be wonderful."

'Well then, Sir, I will proceed to shadow forth the Remedy which I have to submit, for your consideration and your experiment.

'I speak not with a spirit of *assurance*, Sir. I boast of no Divine *favoritism*; but rather submit my views, with suitable humility and misgiving; lest, being weighed in the balance, they *too* shall be found wanting. I merely ask in behalf of depressed Humanity,—as her humble but sincere friend,—that you weigh these views fairly, and then treat them in just accordance with their true weight.

'In saying that no progress, which deserves the name of *Human* Progress, has been made during the last century, I would except, Sir, those ameliorating movements whose purpose it is to expel from the world the Demons of *Intemperance*, *of Slavery* and of *War*. These movements, though not radical in themselves, have, however, deprived, or bid fair to deprive, the mighty Tree of Evil of several of its

sturdiest branches. May they not also foreshadow the great,—and may God grant—the *triumphant* assault, ere long to be directed against the Root itself?

'The Root of the Tree of all Evil is the Love of Money.

'We are here, Sir, to form a new Government, and to establish laws for future generations. In this great work, let this be the paramount *question* with us;—How shall we legislate most effectually to eradicate in the human breast, *the love of money*?—How may we prevent the future reign of Avarice? How may we exclude, from our virgin land, the Demon King of the World?

'I answer, Sir, you should *prohibit, by* LAW, *the undue accumulation of money.*

'I would either,

'1. Directly forbid, by law, the acquisition of money, or property of whatever nature, beyond certain prescribed limits, either by individuals or corporations; Or

'2. Require all the expenses of the Government—all the public revenues—to be collected,—not from the necessities,—not from the *comforts*,—not even from the LUXURIES of citizens,—but from their *sur-*

plus wealth. Whoever should be found invested with more than a certain prescribed sum, by whatever means or in whatever form, should contribute to the public revenue, his due proportion.

'The latter proposition might be preferable, in the first stages of the experiment, as being the *milder change*; but, of itself, would I fear be inadequate to accomplish the proposed object. It is rather submitted as the initiatory step to the *former*, which embraces the substance of my scheme.

'The sum, to which I would limit the acquisitiveness of the citizen, must be graduated by the results of the successive stages of the *experiment*. It must be diminished, from time to time, until that amount shall be reached which shall be found most safe and most salutary for society.

'As the undue indulgence of any propensity of our nature will give that propensity an undue degree of strength and activity, so, by properly *restricting* the exercise of such as may have acquired an undue degree of strength, they will be reduced back to their normal proportions. It is by thus reducing the overgrown proportions of Avarice in the human heart, acquired by unlimited indulgence, from time im-

memorial, that I sincerely and confidently hope the world may be regenerated.

'These, Mr. President, are my opinions.

When the first Speaker had thus concluded, another member of the Council arose and replied:

'*Mr. President*:

I have listened with much interest to the gentleman's speech. I fully unite with him in deploring the evils which afflict mankind. But is the remedy which he proposes, a *feasible* one? It strikes me as quite otherwise. If it were possible to reduce his plan into practice, it strikes me that the ills which it must necessarily engender, would surpass, in magnitude, those which already exist.

'Notwithstanding I hold myself in readiness to adopt whatever change from the beaten track of the world's policy, which by thorough examination shall commend itself to my judgment, as deserving preference; still, I have no intention to be led by the mere charm of *novelty*, nor driven by a *fault-finding* and *restless* spirit, to exchange *old* institutions, which, though not laying any claim to *perfection* have yet

proved themselves quite tolerable and even *beneficent*; for *new* and *untried* systems, which, though plausible, will not bear the light of rational investigation, and only promise to add new fuel to the fire of social fanaticism, already burning with sufficient energy.

'What does the gentleman propose? If I understand him aright, he would equalize the property of the different members of society; by taking away a portion from some and bestowing it upon others; and then prevent, by law, its accumulation in the hands of any. He speaks, however, of certain *prescribed limits*. This will answer for a *beginning*—as an *entering-wedge* to the deep-seated purpose. But it is very clear that his system, in reality, is purely *agrarian*; and will settle down and rest permanently, only in that form.

'This is no *new* scheme, Sir. It has been tried and exploded, over and over again; in different ages of the world.

'But we will take the gentleman at his word.—We will suppose, for the sake of argument, a *compromise* between the present system and downright agrarianism. Let us see how such a system would work.

'*It would stifle all forms of enterprise.*

'The hope of gain is essential to the healthful development of the human character. It arouses the noblest attributes of the soul; and stimulates men to energetic action in all the departments of society. It sends the brave mariner, with his slender bark, across the perilous sea, to bring back to our shore the choice products of other climes. All the noblest and most beneficent discoveries, in the Arts and Sciences, are its offspring. It is the bone, the sinew, and the nerve of Literature, of Science, and of the Fine Arts. The chief monuments of Human Progress, in all ages of the world, have been conceived and built up through its influence. It arms the soldier for the defence of his country's liberties. It tames the fierce elements, and subdues them to our service. It converts the savage wilderness into the fruitful garden. It builds great, and proud Cities, whose Commerce covers the Ocean; and brings luxury or comfort to every fireside. It urges men to the cultivation of the higher intellectual pursuits; which have done more to humanize, to civilize and to Christianize the world, than all other causes combined. It builds school-houses and col-

leges and hospitals and asylums, for the amelioration and elevation of all grades of humanity. In fine, Sir, this hope of gain, or, if the gentleman please, this *love of money*, is the chief incentive to all those enterprises and pursuits which we are apt to regard as the foundation of civilized society, and the essence of social enjoyment.

'The System which the gentleman proposes, if adopted and enforced, would stifle, if not *annihilate*, this principle of action in the human breast: and thus deprive society of many of its present advantages and most valuable institutions.

'2 *It would be an infringement of personal Liberty and Constitutional rights.*

'It has been the boast of all civilized, and especially of all *free* Governments, that they secure to every citizen full protection of person and property. The doctrine—that every man has an inalienable right to the fruits of his own labor—has seldom been questioned, except by the most hopeless *fanatics*.

'Mr. President, should this gentleman's wild dogma be greeted with favor by this enlightened Council—which, thank Heaven, can hardly be counted as a possibility—the heart of true Patriot-

ism would burst with sorrow. It could only be regarded as a gloomy indication of future calamities, more deep and direful than any to be found upon the page of modern History. For, if property might be thus torn from the possession of its rightful owners, by the capricious fanaticism of Legislators, for the very questionable purpose of bestowing unmerited benefits upon the *indolent*, the *improvident* and the *vicious*, who can tell but we might soon be listening here to gentlemen, advocating the doctrine —that personal *liberty*, yea, and *life* too—the life and liberty of the *innocent*—should be regarded as the property of the majority; and should, in certain cases, in which "the greatest good of the greatest number" might seem to demand it, be sacrificed upon the altar of this new Social Divinity.

'3. *It would encourage Indolence, Vice and Crime; and thus deprave the physical and mental constitution of the race.*

'A large proportion of mankind are predisposed to indolence *already;* and unless goaded to industry, by stern necessity, would settle down in idleness, and become useless drones—living upon the toil of others, and returning no equivalent for their support.

'*Another* large class, who, by vice and misconduct, have reduced themselves to poverty, have such a strong relish for vicious pursuits, that if the means of support were *furnished* them, without any care of their own, they would employ the time in committing depredations; leading others into mischief; and, in various ways, inflicting much evil upon society. Whereas, if compelled to *labor* for their livelihood, they may be, at least *harmless*, if not in some way *useful*.

'It would encourage *crime*, by furnishing a most stupendous example of crime, in itself. For what moral distinction exists between the act of the individual thief, and the dispossessing, by *law*, a large proportion of the most useful and unoffending citizens, of the fruits of their honest labor? If any, the *latter* must be the baser of the *two*—in degree, as the depriving a man of his right by *force*, is, in the eye of Justice, a greater crime than taking it by *stealth*.

'It would be a superfluous task to argue here, that *indolence* and *vice* exert a deteriorating influence upon the physical and mental System, which must re-act in the blood of posterity; since Science

has demonstrated, in a great variety of instances, that almost every parental habit, of mind or body, is transmitted, in some sensible degree, by generation.

'The gentleman claims, that the system, which he proposes to foist upon the world, will eradicate from the human breast the *love of Money*—which he denominates "The Root of all Evil." Of course, in *his* view, when that is once accomplished, the *Millennium* will be upon us.

'Now this idea, to me, and I trust to other gentlemen's minds also, seems most visionary; and in a *practical* view, extremely *absurd*, if not *ridiculous*. In the first place, "the love of money" is *not* "the Root of all Evil;" but, on the contrary, as I have endeavored to elucidate to your understanding, Sir, it is the source of much *good*. Without it, society must eventually return to a state of *barbarism*. *That*, Sir, would be the millennial state, which the gentleman's Theory would usher upon the world. No, Sir; it is simply an absurdity.—Already, we have sufficient means, in the arm of the *Civil Law*, to restrain, in every suitable and wholesome way, this *dreadful* propensity, which he

so vehemently deprecates. Like all the *other* blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon man, for his *use*, and not his *abuse*, this principle should be temperately indulged, but not allowed to run into *excess;* for then, of course, it will become an *evil*.

'In conclusion, Sir, I will give the gentleman one word of advice. Whenever he feels the spirit of philanthropic reform stirring his blood into a high state of effervescence—so that he must allow it vent, or burst—let him go directly to his library and read a few pages of *History*, either ancient or modern.—There he will find, scattered all along, various systems of Social Reform, proposed by different minds, and tried and condemned by Society. Some of them he will find almost identical with that very one which he seems to think has now originated in his own mind. This prescription I think, if faithfully administered, will cure him of his fanaticism.

'But, should it fail to produce the desired effect, let him try *another*, Sir. Let him go forth, and place himself at the head of a new socialistic *Community*—made up of elements favorable to his views—who will give them every possible chance of success. Let him work out the problem in his own *way*, and

according to his own *taste*; without at the same time overturning the present institutions of Society at large. Should he, contrary to the teachings of all Experience and of Common Sense, prove his system to be the Panacea of "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and the Gospel of *salvation* to the world, there will be time enough for *us* to accept it *then*; and *I* shall be *forward* to aid in establishing the new order of things, and proclaiming a new and glorious era to mankind.

'But, on the other hand, if it turn out, like all its predecessors, of a similar stamp, which have been projected by the uneasy and restless minds, floating upon the surface of society—if it prove itself a bubble of air, instead of a solid and priceless gem—*then*, society will have been spared the calamity of a fruitless revolution; and the gentleman will surely be cured of his fanaticism.

'But, Sir, I protest against all *radicalism*, in this responsible and dignified Council. We are here, not for the purpose of *experimenting* at the expense of our confiding and generous constituents, and of a long line of posterity; but rather to give

them institutions and laws which will bear the light of History; and which experience will approve.

'The tinselry of elocution may dazzle, and the charm of novelty may attract, *weak* and *undisciplined* minds; but for *God's* sake, Sir, and for *Humanity's* sake, let *us* show ourselves to be composed of materials too *firm* to be moved from our position by any such airy and unsubstantial influences.

'Sir, I have now finished what I had to say.'

May it please your Satanic Majesty, when this last gentleman had finished his powerful speech, I felt myself secure against any possible attack. And when the former gentleman arose again, to make reply, I regarded him with indifference, if not with a slight mixture of *contempt*. But as he proceeded from one height of argument to another,

'A *change* came o'er the spirit of my Dream.'

Thus he replied:

'*Mr. President:*

The gentleman who just now yielded the floor, has, most undeniably, gained a great *triumph*;—at least, in his own estimation. Judging from the tone

of his remarks, he now, no doubt, considers his positions impregnable. But, Sir, I counsel him to be prudent of his remaining resources. The siege is not yet raised. His projectiles were every one anticipated. We shall endeavor to clear away the smoke of his powder, and the dust which his bombshells have raised, and give him an opportunity to look over the field. And if he will only lay aside the smoked glasses of *prejudice* and *self-conceit*, and raise to his eye the pure transparencies of *truth* and *reason*, he may possibly be greeted with a scene to which he is evidently unaccustomed—a scene which may serve, in some degree, to overcome his hostility, conquer a friendly peace, and save some drops of blood. But such are the habits, which he, in common with the great body of mankind, have long and uniformly indulged—his eye is so thoroughly accustomed to the deformities which a semi-civilization, or (if you please) a *deformed* civilization, has tolerated and preserved, in preference to the proportions of beauty which *Nature* ordained—that Nature *herself* appears deformed to his eye, and deformity seems to him the perfection of beauty.

"The worse appears the better reason."

Falsehood has usurped the place of Truth. The cruel inflictions of Society are charged upon their victim, as though they were *self-imposed*. Might has become a synonym of *right*. Justice is degraded to a subordinate rank; and Gold now wears the crown which the King of kings had placed, with His own hand, upon the brow of Justice.

'Scarcely can we hope to conquer so formidable an enemy, as the tyrant Avarice, without a long and fearful struggle. Hardly do we flatter ourselves that the Root of all Evil, whose tough and elastic fibres have been stretching deeper and deeper in the soil of Human Nature, from its earliest infancy—growing in strength from age to age—hardly may we hope to tear it forth from its countless and its firm attachments, and tumble it, with its immense trunk and its innumerable progeny of branches, into the pit of Hell—whence old Satan transplanted it—without the employment of the most exorbitant force—yea, indeed, without the aid of Omnipotence itself. But, with hands uplifted to Heaven, and faith in God, we propose to continue the struggle, and bide the event.

'The gentleman attempts to stigmatize the plan

which I have briefly submitted for consideration, as essentially *agrarian*, and therefore as beneath honorable notice; since agrarianism has long ago, on a variety of occasions, and in various forms, been exploded into thin air. And he invokes, in a tone of sarcastic triumph, the lessons of ancient and modern *history*, as conclusive of the question. But in this, if I mistake not, he is altogether unsupported either by reason or truth.

'For in the first place, the system which I have the honor to submit here, has never, in its most essential features, been made the subject of historical experiment. Neither, in the second place, is it essentially, nor in any sense *whatever*, an *agrarian* system. *That* system, if I understand it, proposed a division and equalization by Law, of lands, and also, perhaps, of other goods. And if you please to give the term a still wider latitude of signification, it sought to establish a community of property, in which all the members might share equally and enjoy equal rights. But, understood in whichever of these senses, that system is as different from the one here proposed, as from the one now prevalent throughout the world. The system here offered—which, for

convenience, we may term the RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM, —contemplates, *not* an equal distribution of property, either in the commencement or in any *other* stage of its operation. On the contrary, it is totally *incompatible* with such a distribution. It is intended as much to encourage a *wholesome* pursuit of worldly gain, on *one* hand, as to obstruct, and if possible, overcome, its *illegitimate* and *hurtful* pursuit, on the *other*. Neither has it any *tendency* to a community of property; unless the yielding up of one absurd extreme of a System, and adopting a medium and just course, be regarded as a tendency to the *other* extreme.

'But, "for the sake of argument," the gentleman condescends to review the Restrictive Plan, as a *compromise* between the present system and downright *agrarianism*. In that, Sir, "for the sake of argument," he was simply just. That, indeed, is a true definition of the Restrictive System—with the trifling condition, that you exchange the word *compromise* for *just medium*.

'Then, condescendingly adopting this definition, he proceeds to demolish, with his sweeping artillery, and a great flourish of small arms—to demolish

(at least in his own estimation,) the entire structu
in which, in *our* humble opinion, is lodged the choic
treasures which Heaven designs to bestow upon t
future generations of mankind.

'But, should it turn out, in the *denouem*
when the gentleman's smoke shall all be dissipat
and nothing remain to obstruct his vision, that
noble structure shall yet stand erect and *unscathe*
after such a terrific shower of metal—I trust he
have the justice, or at least the *wisdom*, to modify
views of the character of the fortress against wh
he has so ruthlessly discharged his fire.

'But, Sir, let us *examine* his positions. He
jects,

'1. "That the RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM would st
all forms of *enterprise*, and thereby deprive Soci
of many of its *most valuable institutions*." He *de*
that "the Love of Money is the Root of all Ev
and therein joins issue not only with the unif
teachings of *History*, but also with the positive
direct language of *Sacred Writ*. However, t
matter is not worth his passing observation. H
so fierce in his hostility towards this *Restrictive S*
tem, that he seems blind to all other considerati

'Now, Sir, I *deny* that this system would injure any enterprise of a *laudable character*. It must be admitted, however, that a certain *class* of enterprises would suffer some by its operation, and perhaps, be entirely *ruined*. The enterprise of the *gambler*, the *extortioner*, the *thief*, and the *highway robber*, would no doubt, be *paralyzed*, and perhaps, *annihilated*, by it. The enterprise of the midnight *assassin*, whose love of money is so intense that the fear of punishment is overcome, and the voice of conscience is silenced, whilst for the sake of a few dollars, he plunges the deadly steel to his victim's heart,—*that* sort of enterprise, Sir, would *also* be severely checked, by the adoption of the RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM.

'When any propensity is indulged at the peril of the substantial blessings of life, or of any of the cardinal *virtues*, it becomes an evil, which if possible, ought to be *restrained*. This proposition *no* gentleman will presume to deny. There is, unquestionably, some *incidental* good frequently resulting from the operation of principles in themselves *wrong* and mainly productive of *bad results*. So we see many good results *incidentally* flowing from the inordinate *love of gain*, which is everywhere rampant in the

world ; whilst its *principal* fruits are most injurious to mankind.

'Its direct and immediate tendency is to produce both the extremes of *Wealth* and *Poverty* in the immediate *vicinity* of each other. These extremes will naturally, of themselves *alone*, engender a progeny, which will embrace all the most formidable evils in the world. On one hand, there will be *envy* and *jealousy*, and *hatred*, and *intemperance*, and *ignorance*, and *degradation*, and *want*, and *suffering*, and *desperation, and crime of every grade.* On the other hand there will be *pride* and *haughtiness*, and *unkindness*, and *cruelty*, and *profligacy*, and *intemperance*, and *licentiousness*, and *disease*, and *depraved constitutions*, and a *great variety of other vices and crimes.* On both hands there will be mental and physical *degeneracy*, which of course, in *some* form will be transmitted to posterity.

'The various enterprises of the day, Sir, are the *steps* by which these two extreme conditions in Society are reached. And these steps are taken, with the greater eagerness and the less scruple, in proportion as the extremes are wider and of more general prevalence. The greater the *wealth* and the deeper the *poverty*

in any community, the stronger the temptation will be, to seek the *one*, and the more desperate the measures taken, to avoid the *other*. The yielding to these *temptations* and the employment of these *measures* constitute what we call *crime*.

'Now, Sir, let it be well understood, that it is not to prevent a wholesome degree of *business enterprise*, but rather to foster and *protect* it, while, at the same time, we guard, by judicious legislation, against those undue extremes of wealth and poverty —as well as those unwarranted measures, employed to secure the one and to avoid the other—which are so prolific of evil and so barren of good—both to the immediate possessor and to the body politic—that the RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM is urged upon the consideration of this Honorable COUNCIL.

'I now proceed to consider objection

'2. "That it would be an infringement of our *liberty* and constitutional *rights*."

'It is true, as the gentleman *claims*, that a Free Government is bound to protect the persons and property of all its citizens. But the doctrine, *That every man has an inalienable right to the fruit of his own labor*, is subject to several *conditions*. *Man, in*

the social state, retains no rights which clash with the common welfare. And in a free and Republican Government, it is the prerogative of the *majority* to settle and determine the extent of individual liberty, upon *this rule.*

'Moreover, as Society furnishes to its members the means of *acquiring* wealth, it is therefore, reasonable that Society should place around it such *restraints* and *conditions* as its own safety and highest welfare demand; with this one *provision*, however, namely: *that all laws be of general and equal application.*

'Under this rule, no Legislature has a right to concern itself with private interests or with private questions, of whatever nature, unless they have an obvious bearing upon *general* questions, or involve *public* interests.

'But it is not only the *right* of Legislators, but their imperative *duty* also, to legislate with reference to the *moral* as well as the *physical* state of society—in reference to the *future* as well as the *present.* For, in the broad sense in which Legislators should act, the moral and the physical are but *one*, and the present and future, *also*, are but one.

'But the gentleman is alarmed, and even *terrified*, with an apparition;—the imaginary phantom, that if this dangerous innovation should be enacted by this enlightened and patriotic Body, it would only be the commencement, *the entering wedge*, to a series of tyrannical usurpations and flagrant atrocities, unprecedented in Civilized History, and shocking to human sense. Individual Liberty, and even *life*, he thinks, would be the *next* victims of capricious Majorities; and no man could see the *end* of so unscrupulous a *beginning*.

'I trust, Sir, that the dolorific picture which the gentleman has drawn for your entertainment, under *this* head, will meet with all the consideration, at your hands, which it *merits*—and *no more*. While studying, with the mind's eye, the sombre traces of his pencil, I could not avoid the reflection, however, that the same picture would be just as appropriate for exhibition, when any *other* legislative act is contemplated—with the design of curtailing the unlimited license of any passion or propensity of human nature—as on the *present* occasion. At least, it might evermore glare upon us, with its dark and startling features, in every *new* and *progressive*

movement, however benign and philanthropic.—Should we listen to such counsels, Legislation would be confined within its present limits to the end of time. In whatever direction we might propose to act, this apparition of *Personal Liberty* would block up the way, and if possible, frighten us back, with its ghastly pictures of the dangers *beyond;* and we should find ourselves forever in the same beaten track.

'But, Sir, they are all made of moonshine. And shall we allow such thin and vapory stuff to divert our eyes from the Pole-star of *Universal Liberty*, and swerve us from the path of *Philanthropic Duty?*—*we*, the chosen Representatives of *Young America?*—the Pilots and Pioneers of our country, upon the dangerous *Sea* of *Politics*, and upon the frail barque of *Constitutional Exploration?*

'Ours is a position of extraordinary eminence: a position, as yet, more remarkable for the *power* and *responsibility* than for the *honor* which it confers upon its incumbents. It remains for us to *achieve* the honor by wielding that power and discharging that responsibility with commensurate *wisdom*. We shall never find it by wading in the mire which the

old systems have beaten with their immemorial *usages*, and by refusing to follow any guide but long-established *precedent*.

'Neither do I claim that it will be found by dashing forth, blindly, on the race of reckless and indiscriminate *experiment*. The true glory of this exalted position must flow from a firm resistance against all sinister considerations, all surrounding temptations, all narrow prejudices, all passionate excitement, all personal or cowardly fear; and from a high-minded, self-regardless, single-eyed purpose, to render the best possible service to our whole country; for the present time,—but more especially, for the *Great Future*.

'As our moral and political position is high, over all past or present eminences, so the eyes of the more distant Nations may reach us; and the world waits, in silent and dread expectancy, for the sound which shall go forth from this Consecrated Mount.

'Now, Sir, are we the true men for this sublime occasion?

'That question will be answered by the *Nations* and *Posterity*.'

'But the gentleman finally objects:

'3. "That the RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM would encourage *Indolence, Vice and Crime;* and thus deprave the *mental* and *physical constitution.*"

'To establish this objection, he takes the old and superficial course of argument. He forgets, or overlooks, the great and controlling circumstance which underlies the *whole subject;* and he unceremoniously *begs the question.*

'This very *indolence, depravity* and *crime* against which he affects to warn us, is the identical burden of evil which Society already *sustains,* and which it is the proposed mission of the *Restrictive Scheme* to loosen and remove from its shoulders. He *forgets* that this is the very foundation and substance of our *complaint,*—the very same *disease* for which our plan is the proposed *remedy.*

'We have amply verified the truth of the old doctrine—That the chief cause of social evil is the inordinate *Love of Gold.* We have found that the wide inequality in men's worldly circumstances, is the principal occasion of the vice and suffering of which *we* complain as a *present* evil, and which the *gentleman* only foresees in the contingent *future.*

'We have found this to be the case, and have arrived at this conclusion,

'1. By tracing the history of *Nations*, from their *infancy;* and by observing the correspondence between the increase of *wealth* and *poverty* on *one* hand, and of *indolence* and *vice* on the *other*. We have seen communities beginning their career in a state of laborious, but wholesome competency, with their property so distributed as to escape both the extremes of individual wealth and poverty. During this period of their history, they have, uniformly, been characterized by their *general industry, prosperity, virtue, temperance, happiness* and *brotherly friendship;* requiring but few laws for their protection, and seldom requiring the forcible application of those *few*. But, in direct proportion and degree, as worldly *competency* has been gradually lost in individual *poverty* and *wealth*, the *evils* of society have multiplied and increased; stricter and more complicated *laws* and severer *penalties* have become necessary; and in spite of *both*, crime and depravity have more and more gnawed and worm-eaten the social fabric, which at last, becoming incapable of self-support, has required all manner of

artificial props and ingenious contrivances to keep it from tumbling over.

'2. By studying the operation of the old system, which now *prevails*, upon the *human mind*.

'Two neighbors commence the world together, in circumstances of equality. They are equally industrious and equally deserving. *One*, however, possesses a larger development of the *accumulative* propensity than the *other;* or perchance a larger share of worldly *tact;* or, possibly, meets with some fortuitous *advantage*, which places him far in advance of his neighbor. One step of fortune gained, another and another succeed with greater and greater facility.

'The *other* neighbor meets with an *opposite* fortune. In spite of all his exertions, he *falls back*.—One reverse after another pursues him, until his *spirits* begin to droop. He sinks rapidly into poverty, deeper and deeper.

'Now, Sir, what are the respective tendencies of these opposite courses of fortune upon the *mind* and *heart?*

'I hold, Sir, that they are both sadly *injurious:* that the successful man, without extraordinary *self-*

control, will be led into pride and self-conceit. The *love of gain* increasing upon him, all his energies will be kept employed in the mere business of accumulating wealth. Those amiable and benevolent traits, which contributed to form his *early* character, lose their activity, shrivel up, and become dormant, for want of healthful exercise. He finally becomes so degraded, in his moral nature, as to regard the acquisition of money as *the chief end of man*. Other *people* are estimated by him precisely according to the amount of their pecuniary *capital*, irrespective of the manner by which it was acquired. His family —his children—imbibe the same spirit. He instils the same principles into *their* minds. And thus *they* enter life. His influence upon *Society*, also, takes the same direction.

'His *children*, who may not be thoroughly trained in the *industrious* habits of their predecessor, will be likely to pursue a different, though equally *disastrous* course of life. The fortune which falls into their hands, by *inheritance*, will probably minister to those false sentiments upon the value and offices of money, which they acquired in childhood, and which have grown up with themselves; and to

those animal propensities which, at the period of life proper for discipline, will probably have been allowed to grow without restraint. Intemperance, Licentiousness, and finally, the Game of Chance, will hurry them rapidly into poverty, degradation, and disease.

'What will be the course of the neighbor who is *unsuccessful!* *He*, on the other hand—having been instructed, as *all* men now are, in the paramount necessity of wealth—when he finds all his honest efforts to obtain it, *fruitless*—will naturally lose his cheerfulness and his hope, and indulge in feelings of *envy* towards his prosperous neighbor, and his former friend. His next step may either be *intemperance*, with its hellish accompaniments, or it may be the dreadful resolution to gain, by *dishonesty* and *crime*, those advantages which he failed to secure by honest *industry*. In *either* case, he becomes a scourge to Society. His children go forth in the world, outcasts among men, goaded on to crime and infamy, by every possible device which Society can employ. These are the monuments, *living* and *innumerable*, of the cruel and mistaken policy which now rules the Civilized World.

'Indeed, such is the present machinery of society, and such the manner in which this machinery operates, that an observer, fresh from another planet, looking into its economy and studying its principles, would come to the conclusion, that it had been contrived with a special eye to allure, to mislead, to entrap, to degrade, to ruin and to torture various classes of its subjects.

'We desire, in our heart of hearts, to do Humanity, thus depressed, Society, thus mistaken, some real service. For this the gentleman stigmatizes us as *fanatics*. But does he suppose that a cause so holy and a purpose so benignant may be extinguished by epithets and invectives?

'He admits that the Love of Money was bestowed upon man, for his *use*, and *not* his *abuse*. This is *our* doctrine *too*. But he claims, that the arm of the *civil law* already affords a sufficient check against its improper indulgence. What a gross absurdity! The civil law, on the contrary, overshadows, with its protective wing, its most unbounded *indulgence*. It even furnishes it with all possible facilities to insure it the largest *success*. It is true, certain *means* of obtaining money are *forbidden*. But *why?*

Chiefly for the purpose of encouraging its unlimited *accumulation.*

'Now, Sir, it is the *temperate indulgence* of this propensity that we wish, by all means, to *promote.* It is against this very *abuse* that we propose to legislate. There is not the least occasion for *alarm.* We propose to begin and proceed, step by step, with the utmost caution, having only one object in view, and that object of the most harmless and beneficent character. We wish to confer a lasting benefit upon Society. Not merely upon one *class* of people; not upon the poor and degraded *merely;* but also upon the proud, the lordly, and the rich.

'If the human vision might extend over the Panorama of Time, I doubt not it would be clearly seen that those classes of men whose condition is regarded as the most enviable of all, under the present order of things, would find themselves, in this *wider* view, as large' benefited, as any *others,* by the operation of the *Restrictive System.*

'Could the true character and tendency of this system be universally understood, I doubt not it would be welcomed by all classes of men with loud and joyful acclamation.

Once *introduce it*, Sir, and you will have the dawn of a glorious era. It will break down the bars of separation which Gold has erected in Society, and establish one broad platform of true Democracy. It will soften the heart of adamant, and convert the human tiger into a real *man*. It will raise up the dejected, inspire the friendless with new courage and new hope, and make all men as brothers.

'It will work as by *magic*, upon the present patch work of the social fabric ; by a gradual, silent, and genial process, harmonize the elements of the human character, hitherto so sadly discordant ; and elaborate a beautiful, consistent, well proportioned system of things, by which the great problem of life will solved—the wide and triumphant preponderance of happiness over misery in the world, be finally secured to the generations of mankind.

'It cannot *be*, Sir,—God never intended that this glorious earth should be the theater of crime and tears *forever!* What would the gentleman *advise?* Can he look over the world and behold with indifference the depravity and woes which abound everywhere? Let him propose a *better* plan. Let him make *one effort* for suffering humanity. But no—

he would have us remain on the *safe side*—upon the beaten track. *This*, he says, is no place for radicalism. I know it, Sir, as well as *he* does. But what radical measure is *proposed?* We ask only for a gradual and experimental measure, to be adopted only in proportion as it shall bear the test of *experiment.*

'Why is the honorable gentleman so very *sensitive* upon this question? It cannot be that he has any personal or sordid *motive* in opposing it. That, surely, would be impossible. And yet, it would almost seem that he *dreads* the experiment of the *Restrictive Policy.* Can it be that he has any fears for *himself*, on account of his princely *estate?* Oh, no, Sir, it cannot be *possible.* No gentleman, who has the honor to form a part of this dignified COUNCIL, could possibly entertain so unworthy a sentiment.

'I will not attempt, Sir, to give any rational explanation of the course which the gentleman has chosen to pursue upon this question; but will conclude what I had to say, by giving him a word of *advice.*

'Let him abandon his uncomfortable position.—

Let him come over, from the narrow and clouded confines of prejudice, from the sandy and deceptive ground of selfishness, where his vision is obscured and distorted by the fantastic cobwebs which *Avarice* has woven;—let him come over to the broad platform of *human brotherhood*—of *true philanthropy*, where the air is clear, and the prospect boundless and unobscured. When once fairly upon this platform, the sun of Truth will shine directly upon his heart, and inspire it with a new principle. Its rays of light will scatter the darkness and gloom of his mind,—unfold the true purposes of life, and open before him scenes of astonishing grandeur and beauty. The chilly and unwholesome vapors, to which he is now accustomed, will be exchanged for a bracing and salubrious atmosphere. New responsibilities and new duties—new motives and new hopes, will incite him to new and noble deeds. Life will become to him a real *blessing*, as it is now a *curse*; and the world will be some *better*, as it is now *worse*, on account of his presence in it. His influence is *now* felt on the side of *oppression* and *injustice*.—*Then* it will be felt on the side of *kindness* and *love*. *Now* it is exerted in behalf of a principle, unworthy

of the human *soul*, as it is sordid in its nature, and *pernicious* in its operation. Then it will be wielded in behalf of the noblest objects within the range of human ambition.

'Now, Sir, leaving the subject with this Honorable COUNCIL and with GOD, I shall say no more.'

May it please your Satanic Royalty, this gentleman's argument sealed my doom. After much farther discussion, the new and odious doctrine was acknowledged by the CONSTITUTIONAL COUNCIL.

They enacted:

'That all taxes whatsoever, for any and every purpose, under the law or Government, shall be levied and collected from such estates, belonging to individuals and corporations, as shall exceed in value the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars. Such estates as shall exceed in value that amount by Ten Thousand Dollars or over, shall pay double the proportion of taxes paid by the smaller estates. And for each additional Ten Thousand Dollars the ratio of taxation shall be thus increased, geometrically!'

This little section of Law, may it please the Throne, opened the door to a new order of things in

the Earth. At first, for a time, it was doubtful what its effect would *be*. But, when once it had come into *fair play*, results were developed which more than satisfied its *friends*, and utterly confounded its *enemies*. *Me*,—thy hitherto unconquered Prince,—it transfixed with deadly terror. I knew not which way to *turn* myself; for, by degrees, as the *Restrictive Policy* became more and more prevalent, it also became more and more *popular*, spreading far and wide, from State to State, and from Nation to Nation. Never was *magic* more triumphant than this System, in the changes which it wrought, in Society and in man himself. Never was Military Chieftain, with his countless soldiery, so precipitated from the heights of power, so overwhelmed with disappointment and with utter, hopeless *ruin*, as I was—even I, *myself*—in the course of the grand experiment of the RESTRICTIVE SCHEME.

When the principle of the Law had been sufficiently tested, *another* step was taken. The indirect method of restricting the acquisition of money, by *graduated taxation*, was exchanged for that of direct *limitation*. The proper *limit*,—that which secured the most healthful condition of society—was found,

by experiment, to differ, in different States and Countries. It was not long, however, before a system of Legislation was discovered by which a proper medium was readily ascertained.

Instantly, I flew for counsel to thy chosen representative, BEELZEBUB THE GREAT; deeming that peradventure, his transcendent genius might furnish some grand device for my *relief;* or at least, some partial support, upon which the shadow of a *hope* might rest.

But to this, my earnest appeal, BEELZEBUB the GREAT replied:

'*O Prince Avarice,*—

Most honored and most valuable of great SATAN's Princes!—Fain would I lift my hand in thy powerful aid, and summon up from the bottomless deep, also, myriads upon myriads of the mightiest sons of perdition. But thy GREAT ENEMY, who sits upon the blazing Throne on High, who formed the Universe and reared the adamantine walls of Hell—'tis He who hath spoken. He hath commanded His strongest Angels to come down and defend the earth against our most formidable assaults. He it is who defies our blackest arts, and laughs to scorn our

most profound devices. Prince OPPRESSION, with all his massive bars and chains, has been overpowered. His chains are broken asunder, and all his prisoners have been released. Prince INTEMPERANCE, too, has been hurled from the earth. And Prince WAR now hangs, by a slender thread, upon the verge of doom. The arm of BEELZEBUB has ever been ready to aid in their defence. But what booteth it for *finite* power to oppose *Omnipotence!*

'O AVARICE! the rod of my power is broken—the anchor of my hope is lost. O that my master, SATAN, were present in the Earth, to witness the course of Destiny, and conduct the dreadful retreat.'

Thus, Great SATAN, I was stripped of all consolation and all hope. Still I labored faithfully, to counteract the operation of the *New Policy.*

Every appliance of *Ridicule*, of *Terror*, of *Prudence*, of *Politics*, and of *Custom*, were held in constant requisition, for my service. But the RESTRICTIVE SYSTEM, at first so mild and unimposing, expanded, little by little, gaining vitality more and more, until I found my power in the Human Soul withering as by the touch of Death.

And, with my decay, the world aroused into *new life*. A new and holy ambition supplanted me upon the throne of the human Heart, and drove me forth a vagabond from the Earth."

Here endeth the words of *Prince* AVARICE.

And I listened, when AVARICE had thus concluded his testimony, and heard Satan answer him thus:

SATAN'S REPLY TO AVARICE.

"*O Prince Avarice!*

Meagre and downcast Prince; but pre-eminent hitherto, for thy unconquerable tenacity and universal sway! Thy words have pierced me with peculiar anguish. No *other* Prince so largely inherited my confidence. No *other* Prince had been entrusted by me with responsibilities at once so delicate, so complicated, so various, and so momentous. Through thy magic arts, the human soul was forwarded along, swiftly—yet so gently and so quietly, as scarcely to perceive its own *progress*—from the pure and placid domain of Truth and Virtue, and handed over to

the *sterner* and more *inflexible* of my Princes; whose grasp was more deadly, yet who, without *thy* interposition, had gained but few victims. If *thou*, too, hast fallen, my cause in the earth must be indeed forlorn, and slender must be our prospects of *re-instatement* there.

But I have already formed, in my mind, a new *campaign* in the earth; in which thou art appointed to a still more prominent and honorable position.

BEELZEBUB shall be degraded to a secondary *command;* where, under my immediate eye, he shall redeem his character, by courageous action, or shall return hither to suffer the execution of the fearful doom which I have already awarded him. SATAN, *himself,* will resume the *sceptre,* and conduct the *War* in his own proper personality. True, I regard the enterprise a most *perilous* one, bordering on *desperation.* For by the testimony of my Brave Princes, AVARICE and WAR, I perceive that the Enemy has *redoubled* His hostility; and greatly *amplified* His preparations, both *offensive* and *defensive.*

There is, always, however, some advantage in waging war with *Omnipotence,* whatever the mea-

sure of our *success*, or however terrible our *defeat*. It is rather to *annoy*, *frustrate*, and *irritate*, than to *conquer*, the *Unconquerable*, that all warfare is prosecuted against Him.

We have proved ourselves at least competent to maintain *this* kind of warfare, having for *Seven Thousand Years*, not only kept a foothold, but held the advantage over Him, in His favorite planet. If new energy, greater experience, and new and more formidable appliances, are to be employed for our destruction—new energy, greater experience, and new and *equally* formidable appliances, may also be brought into requisition, in our own *defence* and for His *annoyance*.

It remains, however, for me to listen to the testimony of my famous Princes, DISEASE and LICENTIOUSNESS, my most adroit Prince, SUPERSTITION, and several *other* Noble Princes, *also;* in order to the perfection of my plans. *Then* shall all my Infernal Forces be arrayed for the Grand Expedition, and for the all-decisive struggle."

These were the last words which Satan uttered in my hearing.

To be faithful to the principal chain of events, which occurred to my observation whilst I remained in the Regions below, I must next introduce to the patient reader the PRINCE OF DISEASE: and a more disgusting monster can scarcely be formed by the human *imagination*. Indeed, of all the pitiful sights which passed in review before me, during my sojournment in that most forlorn world---and their name is Legion—I think that *this* demon was, without exception, the most horribly revolting.

His body, which was incredibly huge, could hardly be accused of possessing any specific form whatever; for, like a huge *thunder-cloud*, he was not to be seen twice of the same proportions; but was perpetually changing his *old* deformities for *new* ones. And so rapid and complete were his metamorphoses, that even during the prosecution of his *story*, in the audience of *Satan*, with my eyes constantly riveted upon him, it seemed hardly possible for the mind to *accept* him as the same continuous Speaker.

In a voice, which might be described as an intermixture of articulate *groans* and *sobs*, he paid his address to Satan after the following style:

SPEECH OF PRINCE DISEASE.

"*Father Satan:*

Here at last I am---a permanent dweller in Tophet. The Earth has finally *disgorged* me: the earth, where from immemorial ages I had held a most notable *rank*; where, too, I have contributed, beyond all bounds, to thy mighty power and fame. But *now* (O shameful!) I am confined to these uncomfortable lodgings; and compelled to breathe this suffocating and unwholesome air.

The Human Race are no longer vulnerable to my weapons. They have become most obstinately *healthy*. My deadliest poisons have become *stale* and *inert*. All my choice infections, malarious exhalations, virulent and noxious effluvia, venomous and malign vapors,—in a word, all my most efficient and reliable agents, have become *flat* and *innocuous*. My notorious *Fever-infusion*, my world-dreaded *Cholera-bane*, my fatal *Small Pox-virus*, my sweeping *Consumption-generator*, my deadly *Plague-instiller*, and whatever concentrated venom I had proved to be most uniformly infallible, in supplying the hand of KING DEATH, have all lost their virtues.

The prime *Cause* of our terrestrial disasters I know not. I will merely trace the chain of events which immediately preceded my *own* reverses, and leave its origin to be determined by thyself.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century of Christianity, mankind commenced a new moral career.

In consequence of certain novel dogmas, which some restless and contemptible *agitators* introduced into the world, man got a glimpse of the true purposes of *Life*. From such small beginnings the very saddest *havoc* was wrought with *us*, and the most radical *changes* effected in *human society*.—With resistless impetuosity, we were pursued by the Angels of the Most High, and by their infuriated human allies, until we were discomfited, disarmed and driven from the world.

The Human mind, however, had been undergoing a preparatory *discipline* for these crazy revolutionary schemes, *long previously*. The field of action for thy Princes had consequently been sadly and irreparably damaged.

Were I permitted to offer a conjecture, I suppose I should go back of any *Human*, and even of any

Angelic agency, and lay the charge directly to thy great *Enemy-in-Chief*, and to that strange *Fatality* which seems to shape every atom and direct every motion in the Universe.

As the *false* and *injurious* pursuits of life were abandoned, its *true purposes* were apprehended, as by *intuition*. And they were made the chief business of all men.

Physical Health was cultivated, as one of the first *duties*. It was a curious circumstance, that when mankind had thus fairly started upon their new career, there was little or no *clashing* between their various interests and feelings. Such harmony resulted from the adoption of *Nature*, as the guide and rule of the physical Life.

It was also remarkable, with what great facility those obstacles to health, and to all kinds of enjoyment, which had formerly been regarded as *insuperable*, were now overcome. As the heart and mind gradually emerged into the light which God had created *for* them, their discriminating powers were proportionably improved.

But men were not contented with the attainment of health for *themselves;* no,—their ambition

was not so easily *pacified*. The health of *Posterity* must be insured *also*. To that end the question of *Intermarriage* was brought up. All authorities, both ancient and modern, were ransacked to gain a knowledge of the true path of Nature. And when this path was discovered, it was made the universal rule of action. The Natural laws of Intermarriage were adopted for the regulation of all Matrimonial Connections. This, of *itself*, was a measure of infinite importance, and secured incalculable consequences of *good*.

The Family of Man was thus improved in its physical, and through its physical in its *mental* character, beyond all estimation. By discarding the authority of blind, and often *absurd* passion, and by seeking the light of Nature and of Reason upon the subject of *Sexual Adaptation*, with an eye to the improvement of the *Human Constitution*, all necessary light was obtained; and correct rules for the guidance of the Sexes, in their Matrimonial *elections*, were established for general observance. The result was, that in the course of two or three generations, the Human Constitution had become nearly impervious to all my weapons.

The Despot, *Fashion*, was dethroned *also*. He had been an efficient *auxiliary* of mine. And when, by the universal *overturn*, he was reduced to *subordination*, I was convinced that mankind were really in *earnest*, in their reformatory projects. Never, before, had the reign of *this* Tyrant been suspended in any Civilized Land. And although this circumstance, in *itself*, was not one of the gravest moment, yet as an indicator of coming *events*, and viewed in connection with those which were present, I regarded it with extreme apprehension.

It was not until the Princes of Avarice and War had been thoroughly overpowered, that the Social System was completely remodeled. Mankind *then*, seemed to be fully aroused from their *sleep;* and to see, as with new eyes, the great beauties which surrounded them. They discarded all their old errors and foibles,—which, in fact, comprised the most of their former deeds and opinions,—and adopted a new *philosophy:* adopted it not in *theory* merely, but in *earnest practice*.

The people were all *educated*. First, they were instructed in their *moral* and *social* duties. The foundation was thus laid for a character becoming a

high order of rational beings. After that they were educated in the learning of *books*. They also cultivated the Study of *Nature*. And in studying Nature *properly*, after a suitable *moral* preparation, founded upon the Holy Book of God, and with all the helps which Science, in her various departments, furnished, they found themselves upon the highway to *happiness* and to *Heaven*.

The Institutions of Society were not merely *re*formed—they were *trans*formed—and brought to correspond with the meaning of *Nature*. In that way they were made to subserve, in a manner the most *heart-rending* to *me*, the Social Welfare. *Not* the welfare of the elect *few*, to the great damage of the *millions ; that* was the way that the *old* Institutions had operated. The *old* Institutions had not been framed according to the rules of *Nature ;* so they had been most admirably instrumental in populating these thy dominions.

But when the new order of things arose, the scales which had previously covered the eyes of men, dropped *off*. *Then* they could see things according to their real *shape*. *Then* they could perceive that the line of *True Policy* was always to be found in

exact juxtaposition with that of *Duty*. In equally faithful proximity to this line they also discovered *another*. And *that* was the line of *Humanity*. Now when the three lines of *Duty*, *True Policy*, and *Humanity*, were found positively and invariably to coincide, the course of human conduct and of human events was changed at *once*. The world was no longer made a theater of bitter and deadly *strife*, but one of active, generous and brotherly *emulation*.

In direct proportion as this new order of things was cherished, its advantages were appreciated.—The more its fruits were gathered in, the better was their character understood and the more highly approved.

Now your Majesty will readily infer, that when the rules of Human conduct came to be thus thoroughly revised, instances of extreme *poverty* and *want* must have been almost an impossibility. Such in fact was the case. But *that* was not the *worst*. The character of the *commercial* world was changed. Men lost their rapacity. Consequently, the *crowded Cities* which had ever before subserved, most prodigiously, to forward *my* business, were *abolished*.

Man conceded to his brother man, the same

means to secure the necessities and comforts demanded by *Nature*, which he desired for himself.

Labor was made *attractive*. It was regarded as *honorable*. It was indulged in as a physical *necessity*—a natural *duty*—a healthful *exercise*, and a *recreation*; rather than as a burdensome *task*—a *punishment*—or as a *menial service*. All the members of Society—both male and *female*, doing their part cheerfully, excessive or even *constant* labor was not required of *any*. Those necessary tasks which were less *agreeable* than others, were cheerfully despatched under the operation of the principle involved in the *Golden Rule*. In fact, the great *Secret* of all these radical and revolutionary movements which have resulted in *thy* great damage, and in my own hopeless ruin, may be expressed in a single word: that word is KINDNESS."

Now it came to pass, that while the Prince of DISEASE was thus speaking, I beheld a Form more terrible than any which I had *before* observed, descending, with a most unearthly shriek, just by my side—dropping down, like an immense *Spider*, by his web.

It was the PRINCE of SUPERSTITION.

The terror, combined with the inexpressible *disgust*, with which I was shocked by his sudden appearance, both deprived me of the matter of his speech and aroused me to the normal state.

END OF VISION THIRD.

Vision Fourth.

THE TRIUMPH OF MAN.

The Scene is laid in Paradise.
The Time is A. D. 3000.

THE

TRIUMPH OF MAN.

IN THIS VISION THE ANGELS, ASSEMBLED IN PARADISE, REVIEW THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE, UP TO THE PERIOD WHEN 'PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MAN' ARE TO BE FULLY REALIZED.

THE EARTH IS DELIVERED FROM THE POWER OF SATAN, AND EDEN, IN ALL ITS PRIMEVAL BEAUTY AND GLORY, IS RE-PLANTED ON EARTH, AND TRIUMPHANTLY RESTORED TO MAN.

"There is perpetual Spring, perpetual Youth;
No joint-benumbing cold nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age, have any being there."

THE commonest things in the world are frequently the most mysterious. For example, take the principle of *Light*. This principle pervades all the visible Universe, and seems to be co-extensive with the Creation of God. Yet how little do we understand its nature! The profoundest *philosopher* cannot tell you, positively, whether it be a substantial entity, or merely the result of certain influences, too refined for human scrutiny. A few of

its *properties* we know; but what, or how many *others* it may possess, or in what it consists,—whether *itself* be merely a property, or an independent *principle*,—no living man can tell.

The same things may be said, with equal emphasis, of *Caloric*, of *Electricity*, and of *Magnetism*.

Who can explain the phenomena of *Sleep?* This power is so common, that it holds dominion over all things which breathe. With it, every human being is intimately conversant. From the beginning of the world to the present day, it has remained the same simple, familiar and faithful friend; the same constant visitor; the same unapproachable mystery. It spreads itself out before us, and submits to every ingenious method of inspection which we can command, and indulges the experiments which Philosophy has contrived, by which to detect the secret key of its power; and then, as if impatient of our dullness, gently lifts its airy pinions and flits away. Its velvety fetters are equally potent, to bind the nursling in its impotency and the Giant in his might. A despot, the most absolute and imperious, no other monarch in the world is so universally popular as he.

And why? Because he is the monarch which God, Himself, has anointed. Because his authority is never arbitrary, but always exercised for our pleasure or our good. Because he frequently presents us with happy dreams,—those charming episodes in the dreary, or the monotonous, or the melancholy poem of Life,—those pearls in the casket of Memory, which in after years fall upon the mental vision with such peculiar, such fairy-like beauty,—those flowers along the rugged pathway of life, whose fragrance may serve to assuage the noisome effluvia which ever and anon infest our progress.

Who will not acknowledge that the most unalloyed bliss, the most exquisite moments, the most glorious scenes of his earthly life, have greeted him in the Land of Dreams? Who will not own, that many a time, he has been forced to quit that fairy land for the world of realities, with deep sadness and regret? Let the real world treat you never so daintily,—sustain you upon a couch of swan down,—overhang your pillow with curtains of damask,—fan you with perfumes of roses,—surround you with cheerful and friendly faces,—greet your waking ears with strains of sweet music,—visit you with every variety

of propitious fortune,—have you not oft-times felt upon returning to wakefulness, that you were making a sorry exchange of worlds? Have you not felt, at that instant, the joy, and even the *ecstasy*, such as you never experienced outside of Dreamland, gushing out with your breath, trembling along your nerves, oozing from your fingers' ends?

Such scenes of the dreaming imagination may, sometimes, be faintly sketched; but the blissful emotions which accompany them, never can be.

I had a vision of *Paradise*.

I thought I was liberated from the body, my spirit retaining its consciousness. The senses were far more acute than when burdened with flesh, and cognizant of new systems of being. My powers of locomotion seemed limited only by the will.

The impressions which I gained of the place, though indescribable, may yet, some of them, be faintly shadowed.

Those high degrees of excellence, which on the earth are regarded as the nearest approximations to the perfect, I found to be the weakest—hardly *perceptible*—glimmerings of those inconceivable quali-

ties which composed the scene by which I was encompassed.

Combinations of sound, which by the first artists of the earth, have been esteemed as the climax of melody, compared with the music which I heard, were insufferable dissonance,—harsh and grating to the nerves. Music, vocal and instrumental; falling upon the ear in Æolian whispers; swelling to the rage of the tempest; dying away in the distance; echoing along the hill sides; rolling down the vallies; riding upon the winds; looming over the mountains; wild and tempestuous as the roar of the sea; plaintive as the song of the dove; calming into repose; arousing into action; with changes and combinations so overpowering, and altogether so dissolving, that God, in mercy, withholds it from mortal natures!

There I discovered how that Light, with its colors and shades, constitutes the essence of beauty.

The most brilliant of Nature's efforts, here below, in developing the powers of light; the proudest triumphs of the first geniuses of time,—those superb achievements of Art, in which the tints of the rainbow are arranged in such masterly lines, as to captivate the human senses,—are but down-right *failures*, af-

fording only the merest *hints* of those transcendent exhibitions of the beautiful, which feasted my eyes in this anti-chamber of Heaven.

All the varieties of Perspective, arranged and distributed with the most exquisite human taste or conception, are but the dimmest *foreshadowings* of that marvellous power, as I found it unfolded in Paradise.

As the most dazzling dress of the loveliest daughters of May,—the primrose, the violet and the lily,—in all their virgin freshness, as they burst into being, compared with their withered and lifeless stems in *winter ;* or, as the glittering hues of the most gorgeous sunset,—compared with the sombre duskiness of *twilight ;* so indescribably charming are the effects of light and shade and color, in the heavenly Paradise, compared with their very happiest exhibitions upon the earthly planet,—the most beautiful of all earthly objects.

Light and Sound! prime and universal agents of the Creator! Neither material; neither spiritual; peculiar to neither world, but common and essential to both; rudimental and *crude* in earth, refined and perfected in Heaven!

In a word, all things upon earth, capable of affording rational joy and pleasure, all beauty and excellence whatsoever, worthy of preservation, I found in Paradise, multiplied and developed to the highest degree of perfection.

Far away in the East, through a Portal of inconceivable sublimity, a flood of light, as from a thousand noonday suns, entered and inundated Paradise with glory ineffable. This Portal connected Paradise with the ALMIGHTY THRONE. Through it, also, amid the intensity of inflowing light, the spiritual inhabitants were constantly passing to and fro.

Numerous as the leaves of the forest, and all exuberant with joy, these spirits were equally at rest or in motion, upon the ground and throughout the firmament; enlivening the vast Empyrean with their presence, and imparting to the scene a degree and variety of splendor and heavenly magnificence, and a various and enrapturing symphony, of which no earthly nor no *imaginary* scene can convey to the mind, even at the ethereal heights of *Parnassus*, any true impression, beyond the merest glimpse or shadow.

In the far West, also, at a point opposite the ETERNAL THRONE, was *another* Portal, through

which I also observed many Angels both entering and departing.

Amid these scenes of rapture there was no appearance of idleness ; but an air of business, and great activity, directed to some general object, was apparent on every hand. But the employments were various. Some I saw in solitary meditation, roaming upon the mountains ; some, in rosy bowers, conversing ; others, in large assemblies, listening to the voice of instruction ; and others, still, upon their glittering wings, like fairies of the imagination, darting away to perform some heavenly errand, obedient to the Supreme behest, or returning from abroad, with messages or with tidings from distant worlds, delivering them to the *Archangel* and to the other Chiefs of the heavenly host.

Of this innumerable multitude of Spirits, *one* appeared pre-eminent over all the rest, in power and command. This was the Archangel, MICHAEL. I saw him as he entered at the *Eastern Portal*, fresh from the THRONE of the ALMIGHTY.

With a great voice, as a trumpet, which resounded through Paradise, he called into his immediate presence all the countless millions of the blest.—Then, addressing them, he spake and said :

"Ye Angels of God and Sainted Spirits of all Worlds! In the loving Name of Him that sitteth upon the Throne, I greet ye all!

Know ye, it hath transpired, in His infinite mercy, and through the operation of His Eternal plans, that His dearly loved and severely tried children, who dwell upon that remote orb called Earth, who were torn from His Fatherly hand by the Archfiend, Satan, and held under the cruel power of that infernal Tyrant for many tedious ages—know ye that *Man, the Redeemed*, is soon to be released from the oppressive rule of the *Archfiend*, and reinstated, evermore, in the favor of God; to be made an equal with us in the praise of His All-glorious Name."

The Archangel paused; when there arose from the multitude, a shout of blessing and praise, to the Lamb of God, as though the boundless Universe had conspired to fill the concave of Paradise with its concentrated Melody!

Whereupon, Michael proceeded, saying:

"Ye Angels of Light here assembled, who have held in trust the guardianship of Man, against his infernal Enemy; ye who have so worthily fulfilled the trust confided to your hands—in the Name of

our common Lord and Father, Stand forth! Let us hear from your lips of the great final conflict.

Ye Angels of LOVE, of BENEVOLENCE, of KINDNESS, and of HOPE—ye Angels of TRUTH and of JUSTICE—ye Angels of LIBERTY, of HUMAN EQUALITY, of PLENTY, and of PEACE—ye Angels of PATRIOTISM and of PHILANTHROPY—ye Angels of VIRTUE, of TEMPERANCE, of INDUSTRY, and of HEALTH—ye Angels of INVENTION, of SCIENCE, of EDUCATION, and of KNOWLEDGE,—Stand forth and tell us—how came it that the terrible power of SATAN hath been broken in the Earth? By what means hath the KING of kings vouchsafed to rescue His beloved human offspring from the jaws of Eternal Death?"

Now I saw, that all those Angels, whose names Michael had pronounced, came forth from the multitude and stood before him.

And the Angel of *Love*, whose voice was the sweetest of music, spake thus:

"Let all the honor and the glory be ascribed to HIM that sitteth upon the THRONE and to the LAMB, forever more."

Then all the others responded:

"Amen and Amen."

The Angel of Love continued :

SPEECH OF THE ANGEL OF LOVE.

"*Great Michael :*

I made my dwelling place in the Earth from the very dawn of Time. From age to age, I walked abroad among the children of men, gently drawing them with my silken cords, away from all evil. My favorite purpose was, to establish throughout the Earth a universal brotherhood. Could I but have succeeded in effecting this purpose, it was plainly to be seen, that most, if not *all*, of the Demoniac Powers would have been compelled to retire from the contest. Could I have got the sceptre into my hand, I knew that *Hatred* or *Strife*, *Envy* or *Pride*, *Oppression* or *Cruelty*, *Superstition* or *Ignorance*, *Selfishness* or *Avarice*, could, neither of them, have long retained ground enough, in the world, to rest upon.

But as soon as my presence and my plans were discovered, all the Spirits of the Deep were in arms to oppose me. Many long ages did the unequal contest rage ; during which, I never succeeded to gain any very extended power. But, by my ever

constant and laborious efforts, I did sometimes manage to keep the Demons in *check;* and if I failed to achieve a very large amount of positive good, I did, nevertheless, often prevent much positive evil.

I held in my possession the keys of all real human felicity; and offered myself to the service of all mankind; beseeching them to accept of me as their guide and benefactor; promising them an exceeding great reward—a treasure far richer and more durable than any other within their reach—a reward more to be desired than the crown of kings—a treasure laid up in Heaven.

Besides these better and more *enduring* treasures which I promised them, I also proposed to furnish the most indubitable proof that all their *worldly* happiness, *also*, was capable of material augmentation, by my presence. To the rich, I proposed to double the value of their wealth. The poor I promised to lighten the burden of their poverty. To the aged I offered a firm support. The young I presented with a sure and never-failing guide and defence.

But the Demon of *Appetite*, with his momentary pleasures, clamored against me, calling the blessings

which I proffered insipid and lifeless. The Demon of *Pride*, with his boisterous parade and empty show, declared them undignified and cowardly. The Demon of *Revenge* denounced them as unmanly and puerile, adapted only to the condition of superannuated men, of women, and children. The Demon of *Avarice*, with his coffers loaded down with solid gold, gave it as his opinion, that they were altogether too light and unsubstantial. And so on to the end. Each particular Demon had his particular reason for regarding the enjoyment which I had it in my power to bestow, as altogether inferior to his own; so that between them all, Wisdom was blindfolded, Conscience was smothered, and I was excluded from the hearts of mankind.

But all along the course of Time were scattered, here and there, a few who were *wise*, and who accepted me as their chief good. And, as the life-giving rays of the vernal sun were wont to permeate the vitals of Nature, and awaken into action her dormant powers, annihilating the frosts and gloom of winter, filling the world with beauty, with music and with sweet odors; so I never failed to shed new light and genial warmth into every heart which I

entered—driving away the Demons of *Misanthropy*, of *Selfishness*, and of *Doubt*, and changing, as by magic, the chilling blasts of February into the fragrant breath of May.

The infernal spirits held me in exceeding dread. They knew I was the first born of all the Angels, and my FATHER's *favorite*. They knew, full well, that not one of their crew could dwell in the heart which acknowledged me as its queen. They were not slow to understand, that whilst many of my sisters were utterly intolerant of *some* of the Princes of Evil, there were *others* of these Princes who might work on, accomplishing their wicked purposes unmolested, in their immediate presence.

There was the Demon of AVARICE, for instance, who, although at sword's points with BENEVOLENCE, could operate very securely, as well as *successfully*, by the side of TEMPERANCE, of INDUSTRY, or even of VIRTUE. Then there was the Demon of HYPOCRISY, who could not endure the *sight* of TRUTH, but had no particular objection to the Angel of PEACE, or TEMPERANCE, or HOPE. The Demon of POVERTY also, although he would fall into *convulsions* at the presence of the Angel of PLENTY, yet

never ceased his gnawing a moment, for PEACE, or VIRTUE, or INVENTION, or TRUTH.

But *all* the Infernals understood that *my* presence was the harbinger of their doom;—that all the *other* Angels were sure to follow, sooner or later, in my train, when once *my* authority was well established in the heart. So my general triumph in the Earth was, and was *regarded* to be, a sure indication of the discomfiture of all, and each, of the Powers of Darkness.

Now the Councils of the Deep, although they were thus keenly sensitive in relation to *my* movements, and fortified themselves strongly against *me*, were not, by any means, indifferent of the progress of the *other* Good Angels. Still, they evidently regarded me, as, in a certain sense, the embodiment and soul of all the others. And I discovered, that, in their extraordinary vigilance to intercept *me*, they did somewhat, perceptibly, relax their energetic opposition as against some of my Good Sisters.

It was therefore, that I found it necessary to change my policy of action. I thenceforth sought to gain possession of the world, not so much by my own direct operations, as under the auspices, and

through the less suspicious efforts of those Angels of Good, whose natural and appropriate sphere of operations was *secondary* to mine,—whose proper office it was to execute the *details* of mine. Thus, for the sake of restoring Man to the favor of Heaven, the natural order, of Angelic precedence and succession, was reversed.

At an unguarded point of the Enemy's defences, the Angel of INVENTION, through my instance, entered the world, and gave birth to the Arts of Civilization. These Arts opened the door to Knowledge. And when KNOWLEDGE had entered, with her radiant face, INVENTION took courage, and gained new strength. These two Angels were mutually instrumental of good; conferring strength and courage upon each other. And thus, the good work was greatly forwarded

In process of time, when KNOWLEDGE, through the Arts of INVENTION, had lifted the mists of IGNORANCE from the minds of the masses of men, so they could begin to see each other, and all things, in their true, natural shape and color, then the Angel LIBERTY, with her heavenly smile,—though timidly and distrustfully,—ventured down, to the earth; and

in exceeding pity towards mankind, attempted to establish her Government upon the hills of Rome.

But the cruel Demon of OPPRESSION, whose rank in the infernal dynasty is near the right hand of SATAN, flew to arms, and mustered to his aid all the *Legions* of *Darkness*. LIBERTY, overcome, departed in sadness from the earth. The great achievements of INVENTION and KNOWLEDGE were also well nigh extinguished from human memory. For several ages, then, these kind Angels wrought silently, and their deeds were recorded only in the cells of monks and by the glimmer of the midnight torch.

Again, in the course of ages, they attempted to dispel the clouds of IGNORANCE which enshrouded the world. In BRITAIN, the contest was renewed. TRUTH descended to their aid; and the work proceeded with new vigor, in spite of all the combined fiendish Powers.

Firmly, now, did the good Angels hold the ground which they gained. Various were the expedients which SATAN and BEELZEBUB devised, to maintain their dominion. Sometimes the Demons did seem to *succeed*, for awhile, but were always, in the end, compelled to yield a little more than they had gained.

At length LIBERTY, with her chosen train, once more descended to the Earth, and alighted upon the shores of America. This time, her expedition was successful. All things there, conspired, under the direction of the *All-seeing One*, to favor her cause. Her triumphs extended all over the Western Continent, and then flew across the ocean, and in process of time, filled the whole world.

The Angel of *Peace* next established *her* Throne, in the Earth. She moved the nations to convene, in General Congress, for the purpose of forming a code of rules, to serve in all cases as a substitute for the sword and bayonet. The plan succeeded, and the Demon of WAR took his departure from the earth, never to return.

Next followed the great victory of HUMAN EQUALITY. AVARICE had gained possession of all the world. No Demon was so destructive of happiness, so fruitful of mischief and woe, or so hard to conquer as the Demon of AVARICE. It was only through the combined strength of several of the Angelic powers, that the great chains, which he had riveted upon the human form divine, were ever broken off. PATRIOTISM, PHILANTHROPY and TRUTH, wrought together, with

harmonious energy, until their power became irresistible. They moved the hearts of certain Legislators in the New World to enact the RESTRICTIVE CODE. This acted like a charm. It gave a new direction to human ambition. It dissolved the prestige of *Gold* and it withered the Demon's power.

Upon the expulsion of AVARICE from the heart *I* was welcomed in; and out of chaos I soon brought order and beauty. The world was changed from a theater of hostile strife into a field of virtuous emulation,—from a wilderness of suffering into a garden of pleasure.

When I had become well established upon the Throne, with LIBERTY AND PEACE and EDUCATION, for my guard, the Demons of the Pit were struck with consternation. At the instance of *Beelzebub*, their Chief, they fled home to attend a Council of all the Infernal Powers, to devise and institute a new system of operations, for another campaign.

But may our Heavenly Father assist us to defend our Citadel in the human heart against all their machinations.

Adieu, Michael, I must away to my earthly charge."

Now I saw in my vision that the Angel of LOVE disappeared as in a rainbow of light.

Next, came forward the Angel of LIBERTY, and spake to the following effect:

SPEECH OF THE ANGEL LIBERTY.

"*Michael:*

Our Father created Man in his own image; which all the posterity of Adam inherited. In him the work of creation was complete. God never vouchsafed any appendage whatever to a portion of the human race. All subsequent additions and accretions, however full of pretention, or however guarded by sanctimonious rites, were of Satan's own contriving. Hence, they could never, by any possibility, contain a single feather's weight of worth, of dignity, or of real authority; but were designed, each and all, to strengthen the dynasty of Satan, and to forward some infernal interest in the human soul. All titles worn, or claims set up, on account of his ancestral merit, or whatever extrinsic circumstance, grew with success, solely by the cunning and arch wickedness of Satan and his sleepless emissaries.

Numerous were the Princes of Evil which opposed my course. But the most formidable of them all was IGNORANCE. Having no armor of my own with which to assail that *Fiend*, I was compelled to wait for the triumph of EDUCATION, who was appointed by the great Overruler, and provided with appropriate arms for that purpose. The time consumed, in securing this conquest against IGNORANCE, was much protracted, on account of the combined forces which OPPRESSION and SUPERSTITION contributed to his aid.

On the other hand, however, the Angel of INVENTION came to the relief of EDUCATION. With a weapon, named the *Art of Printing*, he gave the Demon such a thrust as brought him reeling to the ground; and sent a thrill of terror to the very center of Hell. EDUCATION followed, with her gentle but persevering strokes, which she plied from age to age, until the Demon's power was pretty well subdued.

Then commenced the great struggle, which, century after century, I waged against the Demon of OPPRESSION.

I had gained several partial successes, in the *Eastern Hemisphere;*—had given man a *taste* of my

nectarian delicacies, which inspired him with a burning and unquenchable thirst for more. But my first *permanent* triumph—that one which opened the way to others and others, until OPPRESSION, with his iron-armed and flint-hearted legions, was completely and effectually subdued—was destined to be achieved in the *Western Hemisphere*.

Wearied and discouraged with my long and bootless struggle in the Earth, I was about to take my everlasting departure to more congenial worlds; when the ETERNAL KING, by His inscrutable Providences, collected—upon the new continent, called America—which, as it appeared, He had reserved through the Dark Ages, to be the theater of my grand Triumph—collected there the germs of a mighty Nation, to be composed of the healthiest blood, and all the elements most favorable to my success.

Then and there renewed I the struggle, hopefully, and GOD ALMIGHTY prospered my cause. He pointed me to the sainted WASHINGTON, as my chosen Leader, who faithfully and most gloriously led my armies to victory; and then established my dominion upon a broad and enduring basis.

Over and over again, by various artifices, did the Demon of OPPRESSION most desperately undertake to wrest from my grasp this glorious prize; and once or twice had I almost given it up for lost. But ever, at the gloomiest moment, some Providential aid was furnished me, by which I was enabled to drive back the Powers of Darkness, to establish my authority still more firmly in the land, to extend my dominion wider and wider, and to wave my banner more and more proudly over the children of men.

Once, in particular, the Demon transformed himself into an Angel of Light; and through the deception of his stolen garb, my Cause was brought to the very verge of ruin. He presented himself in my presence, as a messenger sent from the SUPREME THRONE, with advices, for the conduct of my campaign against the Infernal Powers.

At first, unsuspicious, I received him with excessive delight, glad of the much needed instruction which I promised myself from his lips.

He told me, *falsely*, 'That our Common Lord and Master had directed.—That, as the Wicked One had already gained such alarming advantages

over us, and the prospect of our ultimate overthrow was becoming so very imminent, I might, as a measure of prudence, deem it advisable to make a *compromise* with the Enemy :—That I might retain to myself the *form* of Government, the names of *Republic, Republican Institutions*, the *Universal Suffrage*, the *Trial by Jury*, the *Habeas Corpus*, and a few other of the most euphonious *trifles* connected with my administration ; and might, if deemed expedient, yield the main *substance* of my prerogative, and all the treasures flowing from its full enjoyment, to the *Fiend* of OPPRESSION :—That the Demons of AVARICE and AMBITION were combined with OPPRESSION, and together, they formed an alliance of strength which I could not reasonably hope to resist :—That, although my triumph had been widespread and brilliant, upon the *surface*, it was, after all, mostly superficial :—That the Enemy had *mines*, and secret, infernal *machines*, against which I possessed no adequate means of resistance :—That, at all events, whatever my final destiny in the Earth might be, the Human Race was, as yet, altogether unprepared to give me their undivided hearts, and yield themselves up to my exclusive guidance.'

I had listened to this pretended message with the most profound astonishment and alarm. It contained so much apparent reason, and the source from which it had emanated seemed to be so unquestionable, that in the deepest sadness of heart, I had nearly consented to accept the proposition, and enter upon the indicated compromise.

But at the critical moment, while hope was yet trembling in the balance, the Angel PRUDENCE whispered in my ear, 'That a measure of such grave import demanded the utmost caution as well as the profoundest deliberation.' She counselled me to leave the question of *Compromise*, for a time, *unsettled*;—to review my positions; to estimate my resources,—and to ascertain, as far as practicable, the strength and resources of the Enemy.

Accordingly, I dismissed my supposed messenger, with much gratitude and good will; intimating to him, That the subject matter of his message should receive the prompt and careful consideration which it deserved.

Upon this saying, he turned away to depart.—But just as he was in the act of turning, I caught, with my eye, a most terrific expression upon his

countenance, indicative of emotions all unfamiliar to me, except in the ranks of the Enemy. And as my swift eye followed him in the distance, I observed that his course was not direct, toward the *heavenly Throne*, but *varied* and *unstable*,—gradually changing to a point *downward*. Then I fancied that I saw his form and his appearance changing, also; assuming a greyish or *sombre* aspect, and becoming hateful to the sight. And finally, as he dwindled away in my eye to a mere point, instead of a point of *sparkling radiance*, it was *jet black*.

Then I lifted up my heart in thanksgiving to God, both for my narrow escape from the snare which had been spread for me, and for the new ground of hope, with which so desperate a resort on the part of the enemy had furnished me.

Upon reviewing my ground, I now discovered, at every step, more and more occasion for encouragement. My domain lay upon an isolated Continent, stretching from Ocean to Ocean,—beyond all danger from external attack by the legions of Oppression. It was only from their *indirect, internal* machinations, conceived and wrought in darkness, and

strategical maneuvers, executed under false colors, conspiring with the marvellously impressible material of the human heart, that I could discover any serious danger.

Then most indisputably, my domain embraced that very Nation of people which, by their physical constitution, as well as by their high degree of mental culture, were the best adapted of any in the Earth, to abide by me as their controlling genius.

The Angel of INVENTION had *preceded* me with the *Art of Printing*, the *Mariner's Compass*, and the *Practicability* of *Steam*. She *accompanied* me with the *Magnetic Telegraph*, the *Application of Steam* to the *Railway*, and innumerable devices, in a greater or less degree, promotive of my success.

The Angel of EDUCATION, also, had done me indispensable service. Through her means, the masses of the people were enlightened, beyond all precedent; not only in the peculiar advantages flowing from my administration, and in the evil character and cruel government of PRINCE OPPRESSION, but also in general and scientific knowledge.

With such helps as these, with such a people, and upon such a field, I might have gained an easy

triumph against the Demon of OPPRESSION, had not that gigantic Fiend been surrounded by adherents equally numerous, equally faithful, and equally sagacious.

1st. There was the Prince of SELFISHNESS. It was his exclusive office to give the lie to my most cherished and vital maxims; to mar, and, if possible, to *demolish* the glorious Temple which I had erected for the repose of my children; to instil poison at the root of the tree which I had planted for the healing of the Nations.

The cardinal truth, That all men are created with equal rights---he *denied*, and by the veriest sophistry, argued, to the conviction of multitudes, That Nature never *entitled* all men to stand upon the same political level;---That as some are endowed with an aptitude to rule, and others with a facility of obedience; some with a tongue to teach, and others with a willing hand and heart to labor; some with ambition towering on high, and others who prefer humiliation rather than exaltation:---so each man is both permitted and *required*, by his absolute and resistless destiny, to seek, by whatever means and at whatsoever expense, any position, upon

the social and political scale, for which he may discover in himself an affinity or relish ;—That the *general good*, so much eulogized by students and politicians, is but an *ignus fatuus*, for the amusement of Fanatics—an enchanted cloak, for the wondrous convenience of Demagogues,—a fine theme for Poetry and Elocution, well adapted for abstract disquisition—but wholly unsuitable to constitute the basis of a sound, practical philosophy.

These and other teachings of the Demon *Selfishness*, equally false, greatly increased the difficulties which I had to overcome, before I could regard myself master of the field, or my position in the Earth secure."

I observed in my vision, that, at this point, LIBERTY made a momentary pause in her narrative, when MICHAEL interrogated her, thus :

"Sweet LIBERTY : Where, in thy moment of need, was thy sister TRUTH ? Did she ever fail thee, at thy right hand, with her mild and heavenly light, to dispel the thick darkness of FALSEHOOD, and the false glimmerings of SOPHISTRY ?"

The Angel LIBERTY replied :

"O MICHAEL: My sister TRUTH was ever ready with her lamp, to dispel the mischievous vapors with which ERROR and SOPHISTRY, obedient to the mandate of our Imperial Enemy, had inundated the land. And without her mild radiance constantly beaming down upon my footsteps, through that fearful struggle, never had my banner been inscribed with *Victory;* and to-day had the human nations been overwhelmed in the deepest gloom.

Moreover, the Princes of AVARICE and AMBITION possessed some secret *magic*, of wondrous *potency*, by which they contrived, so to pervert the moral vision of their subjects, that the light of TRUTH, so clear, so brilliant, and so beautiful to *others*, gave all objects which these infernal magicians displayed to their view, an unnatural color, a distorted form, or a false position.

2d. Another of the infernal Powers who exerted a wide and most pernicious influence against me, was that gigantic monster, the Prince of AVARICE. As well in the most refined and educated circles, as in the most ignorant and degraded, this gaunt and voracious Demon was ever present, insinuating his poisonous counsels into the hearts of men. The

lights of REASON and TRUTH were sadly dimmed and perverted by his illusive arts. LOVE and PEACE and JUSTICE and myself, were long held in shameful subserviency through his matchless subtlety and Protean hypocrisy.

Centuries ago had my victory in the earth been complete, and Man had stood upon the triumphant eminence which he now occupies, had only *this* Demon been securely chained.

It was only through his subjugation, first, that this glorious consummation was achieved, at last.

Through a long series of generations, I waited and labored among the Nations, with no manner of encouragement, but an immortal faith in JEHOVAH. I could not perceive, with my finite vision, how, amidst the apparent retrogression of the celestial phalanx, and the increasing barriers to human progress, erected by the powers of Darkness, that the *Infinite Mind* was so directing and overruling His instrumentalities, in Heaven above, and also in the fathomless deeps of Hell, that His Own glory should be best vindicated, and Man, His favorite and unfortunate offspring, be finally raised to the delectable heights of Paradise.

Such, however, was the magnitude of the work; so momentous the interests involved; so precious to the heart of the *Heavenly King* were his rebel subjects in the Earth; so wide and deep the defection which had been wrought through the agency of the Arch Enemy; that a period of time widely protracted, a circle of instrumentalities broader than the Angelic ken, and a Wisdom and Power to direct them, only wielded by the INFINITE MIND, were requisite to achieve the Restoration of Man, and the full triumph of LIBERTY.

Great Michael, I have done."

Now, I beheld, that as soon as the voice of LIBERTY was still, the Angel of REASON, who in majesty and greatness, seemed in nowise inferior to the Great Michael himself, came forward with an air and tone of dignity and conscious power, unrivalled by any of the *other* Angelic speakers.

I observed that the Angel REASON commanded an extraordinary degree of respect and even veneration, both from the Angels, all, and from the Archangel himself. He spake as follows:

SPEECH OF THE ANGEL REASON.

"*Michael:*

At the creation of Man, I was inaugurated by the HIGHEST, as his appropriate and absolute Sovereign. I was commissioned to lead him, to restrain him, to guide him, and to protect him, in every time and place. Him, God commanded to accept me, as his proper and supreme dictator, and through all the labyrinths of life, in all the periods of duration, never to disregard my voice—never to recognize any rivalship of my authority.

It was my exalted mission, to conduct him along the highway and through every lane of life, despite the eager and threatening foes and the false guides, which thronged his passage, safely to the gate of Paradise—where all dangers and all enemies are eternally excluded. I was likewise commissioned, even in such acceptation as I minister evermore to the felicity and glory of Paradise, and to all the faithful in God's intelligent Universe, to furnish to Man, during his earthly and probationary career, pleasurable and joyful exercises, and heavenly fore-

tastes, suitable to his condition, and unconnected with all sorrow, grief, and pain.

But God, in His hidden but all-harmonious plans, permitted Satan, with his Demons of *Excess* and *All Evil*, to enter the lovely Earth, and to wrest from me, the sceptre which had been confided to my hand.

Throughout the entire history of Satan's reign, upon which I was but too seldom able to exert much actual restraint, few, however, were the instances in which the human character was so much degraded as openly to *confess* allegiance to the infernal Dynasty, or formally, to repudiate my authority.—Strangely enough, in *theory*, I was held by mankind in admiration, almost to *idolatry ;* whilst in *practice*, I was most shamefully disregarded and even persecuted.

The Demon, FASHION, was the accepted tyrant of the great masses of Men. And under his rule, the various *other* Princes of Evil wrought out their baleful purposes, with wonderful facility. It required the possession of a liberal degree of that quality, called *Courage*—which quality, generally, entered but too sparingly into the nature of Man—

to stand out in firm opposition to this all-popular Tyrant. His fiat would drive most men—even while they professed to submit to *my* authority—to the most childish, and even vicious, absurdities—absurdities, which, had they not been dictated by FASHION, had been scouted from the civilized world, as beneath human tolerance—and how much more, as unworthy the adoption of the enlightened and the virtuous.

The Demons of the *Appetites* and the *Passions*, generally combined, and generally *succeeded*, to keep me in a subordinate station. But whenever I gained the ascendency over them, I never failed to ameliorate, to elevate, and to dignify, the human character, and to secure the happiness and well-being of the race.

In one most essential particular of human government, I but very seldom gained my point; because the Satanic Powers, well understanding its importance, were always careful to guard it with a double sentry. I mean the management of the *young*. This, in fact, was the great key to the Universal Sovereignty of the world; and without it, I discovered at an early date, that my cause would suffer incalculable disadvantage.

The Devils, small and large, applied themselves, with an activity and perseverance, worthy of imitation, not only to preclude from the conduct of men, all virtuous and holy influences, but so impatient were they to secure their victims against all possible chances of reformation, as to occupy and crowd the mind, during its nascent stages, even to *precocity*, with the germs of evil.

As the parental influence was unbounded, so it was essential in the purposes of Satan, that this influence should either be lulled into harmless neutrality, or secured, as a direct instrument, in the diabolical work.

In *theory*, it could hardly be supposed that any intellectual being, of however low a grade, would voluntarily permit himself to be made the agent of ruin, to the chief objects of his love, either in a positive or negative sense. But in *real life*, this was quite frequently the case. Not only the lowest orders of mankind, but those also in whom many of the *virtues* predominated, were frequently, in this respect, the efficient ministers of Satan ; being the chief agents in the ruin of their own offspring. The *Princes of Evil* beclouded their mental vision with a *mist*, nar-

cotized their sensibilities, and paralyzed their moral energies.

During that period of existence bounded by its first twelve years—when, as all men, from their own experience, could not fail to understand, the ruling principles of the immortal mind for good or evil, were for the most part, indelibly stamped upon it—when by an enlightened and propitious guardianship, and discipline, the world, in a few generations, might have been gloriously regenerated, physically, morally and intellectually—when the Angels of TRUTH, of LOVE, of JUSTICE, and of *all* the Virtues, should have been secured in their harmonious and perpetual dominion—ah, then it was, that the thirsty and fertile soil of the heart and mind was abandoned to the occupation of such influences as might chance to fall upon it. And it may well be supposed, that Satan would not neglect so desirable an opportunity to plant the seeds of error, of vice, and of all Evil.

The proper cultivation of the young, as a general practice, would have secured to mankind the benign purposes of Heaven, in spite of any measures which fiendish ingenuity might possibly have invented.—But unfortunately, it was not a general practice.—

On the contrary it was extremely rare. Seldom, indeed, was the early training of the human race directed by wise counsels, or conducted by judicious tutors.

The general disinclination of men to attend to such duties, as promised their reward only in the distant future ;—the natural desire to favor the inclination of their offspring, whom they tenderly loved ; the vain hope and puerile belief, that such uncommon loveliness as that, which they flattered themselves appertained to their own children, could never be seduced into vice—that *their* children were exceptions to that general rule which demanded a severe restraint upon the childish nature, to insure a virtuous and correct life—these and other influences were employed, by the Princes of Evil, to defeat the purposes of Heaven.

The children of all men, during the forming periods of life, by a generally approved Law, founded upon the conceded rights of the social compact, SHOULD *have been subjected to a strict and judicious discipline, aside from, and irrespective of, the Parental Authority.*

The training of the infant mind should have

been considered, as it really was, the most momentous of all human undertakings—the most sacred of all human duties.

The doctrine,—that all men were created with equal rights,—should not have been confined to theory. If society had a right to proclaim such a doctrine, it must also have possessed the right to *enforce* it. If all men were created with equal rights, then surely, the most valuable right of all—the right to receive a suitable and timely education—should have been secured to all, as paramount to all other considerations.

The *right* to educate all children, as a public social measure, once admitted, the *duty* must have followed inevitably. The *importance* of this duty must have towered aloft, leaving far below it nearly all others upon the social and political scale.

If it were a general rule, and a rule so general that the exceptions could never have seriously marred the harmony of its operations—that a good, thorough, and timely education, would, as a natural consequence, have secured a correct and wholesome life—it followed, necessarily, that if such an education had been furnished to all the members of

Society, then Society, in the aggregate, must have been purged, by the universal adoption of this rule, of most of the evils by which it was afflicted.

The adoption of this rule would have been free from all those incidental evils, which not unfrequently attended the adoption of new measures, however beneficient in themselves.

The only objection which was ever offered against it as a Law of the Land, was the *Natural Parental Authority*.

Under this objection it was urged, 'that no earthly power, whatever, besides the one power of society, to protect itself against crime, could ever be rightfully interposed to supersede this Parental Authority, which is above all earthly power.'

In answer to this objection, it was claimed, that the law in question might be adopted upon the basis of the very principle admitted by the objector,—the principle, that Society had a right to protect itself against the Culprit. For it is equally legitimate, and *wise* as beneficent, to legislate for the *prevention* as for the punishment of crime.

It might have been further urged in favor of such a law, 'that it required no real sacrifice from any

party ; but only contemplated the *good* of society, and that, through the welfare of the individual subject.

Not only was my authority essential to the reclamation of mankind in their early *mental* education, but also in the proper development of their *physical* nature, upon which the mental character was greatly dependent. Herein also was my authority generally disregarded.

The immediate pleasure of sensual gratification, however momentary, had more influence upon the conduct of most men, than its remote consequences, however sad and revolting. Had the full punishment of sin invariably attended the act of its commission, not only had the redemption of the race been achieved, with infinitely less difficulty, but no necessity for its redemption had ever existed at all. Man had never disobeyed his Maker.

But Infinite Wisdom ordained that man, to secure happiness, suitable to his capacity and his desires, should study the operation of natural Laws ; and listen to my voice ; and discipline his nature by the lessons which I taught ; and trace and examine and weigh each link, in the chain of causes and effects,

connecting all the past and the future of his existence.

The consequences of disobedience were very terrible,—extending through a long line of posterity, and sometimes terminating in the extinction of entire families. The demon of DISEASE was ever at hand, with his vials of poison, to introduce it, by the most artful and insidious appliances, at every unguarded point of the physical organization. And although the Angel HEALTH, in pity, furnished many antidotes, by which its virulence was sometimes overcome, still, its evil effects could never be entirely eradicated from the system nor from the race.

In this manner it was, that an infinite number of ills had been fastened upon the human family.—*Fever*, with its various progeny of sufferings; protean *Scrofula*, weaving itself through every mortal tissue—here boldly assuming the form of ghastly *Consumption*, there of the cruel *Rheumatism*—now loading 'the human form Divine' with dreadful *tumors* and *eruptions*, then gnawing it away, slowly but surely, with the tooth of the remorseless *Cancer*: *Contagion* and *Malaria*, still as the falling dew, and supple as electricity, unperceived, decomposing the

vital connections, or corrupting the springs of life ;—these and various other agencies did the Demon of Disease employ, to sap the human constitution, and instil into the soul many deteriorating and destructive forces, which combined, at once, to destroy my influence, and to overwhelm humanity with a flood of misery.

The *effect* of disobedience, thus, in its turn, operated as the *cause* of disobedience. And so eventually, would the Powers below have been enabled to reduce the entire human race to a state of barbarism, and even of *cannibalism*, and finally, altogether to have extinguished it upon the face of the *Earth*, had not the All-seeing Creator provided *against* that fatal catastrophe, by the interference of His providential hand, and the combined and gentle appliances of the ever watchful angels of His appointment.

His first important conquest was gained by the Angels of GENIUS and EDUCATION over the Demons of IGNORANCE and SUPERSTITION ; by which KNOWLEDGE was promoted to high authority, and the way opened for other conquests.

The Demon of INTEMPERANCE also, through the

combined influence of EDUCATION, PHILOSOPHY and TRUTH, was gradually driven back and overpowered; and finally was forced to yield his ground to the Angel TEMPERANCE; who subsequently requited the assistance, through which she had been promoted, by performing the most valuable services, throughout all the ensuing struggle, upon the side of Holiness and of God.

Next, the giant monster OPPRESSION was attacked, by the Angels of TRUTH, of ETERNAL JUSTICE, of PATRIOTISM, and of PHILANTHROPY. Far extended and desperate was the struggle, and for centuries, the clouds of doubt and fear hung heavily over the contest, darkening all the field. But the Angels triumphed, the Demon was dethroned, and LIBERTY was crowned Queen of the Nations.

Then came the struggle against WAR. The Angel PHILANTHROPY projected and urged on this expedition, and TRUTH, and LIBERTY, and LOVE, conducted it. WAR was finally deposed, and PEACE was exalted to universal dominion in the Earth.

The severest conflict of all, however, was with AVARICE. For through this Mighty Fiend, SATAN had been enabled to hold his power in the Earth;

and [illegible] in his child and dear ambassy, that [illegible] Princes, which [illegible] Pagan-ocracy under [illegible] and Lies, &c. and Truth, and Justice, and in fact nearly all the *Angel Chiefs*, were active, in preventing the war against this mighty and tenacious Demon, to a final and unconditional victory.

In all these various and protracted struggles, *my* counsel was frequently sought, and my authority, when invoked, was final. But had my authority and counsel been *more* frequently invoked, our cause had met with fewer reverses, and our triumphant career had been even more brilliant.

But above all, and coincident with *my* authority, was that *Divine Book*—the Holy Bible. In that Book, God had revealed His will to mankind. And as the Angels, one after another, overthrew the Princes of Darkness, its pages grew brighter and brighter in the eyes of Men. Truth gained more and more upon their hearts, and Love and Christianity have at length risen to Universal ascendency."

Whilst the Angel Reason, in the course of my

vision, was thus pursuing his narrative, my eye caught another Angel of unusual brightness, entering the far-off *Portal of the West*. Swift as a sunbeam, he approached into the presence of *Michael*—the speaker, upon his arrival, suspending his discourse.

The newly arrived, addressing the *Archangel*, spake and said:

"All honor, praise, and thanksgiving to God, forever and ever. I come, most excellent MICHAEL, to announce the entire recovery of the Earth, the utter demolition of the Legions of Hell, and their final departure, in the utmost confusion, to their infernal home. We pursued them, in their inglorious retreat, to the yawning mouth of *Tophet*, and saw them enter. There *Satan* and *Beelzebub*, with their numberless followers, are now involved in profound debate, upon the great questions of their future policy; projecting new modes of attack, by which to regain, if possible, their earthly dominions.

Let the KING of HEAVEN, *Himself*, command the defence; and let the ablest of the Angelic Chieftains be appointed to the charge; that when the grand assault shall be made, a final blow may be

given to SATAN's power upon that ancient and war-worn field.

Ten weeks of centuries ago this day the subtle Fiend achieved his first conquest over man;—a conquest which made the Universe tremble, leaving only the *Eternal Throne* unshaken. This day let him be made to feel that a victory against the KING of HEAVEN is, in its final consequences, even more dreadful than defeat."

Whilst this messenger was yet speaking, behold another, swiftly entering at the *Eastern Portal*, (the portal of Light) presented himself also in the presence of *Michael* and thus proclaimed his message:

"Great Michael: The FATHER of LIGHTS, with His omniscient eye, beholdeth the overthrow of SATAN in the Earth, and the glorious victory of His own faithful children, over that mighty and inveterate Chief. He seeth all the discomfited armies, even now, assembled together in their infernal home, consulting as anciently, when first they fell from these blissful heights, how most effectually to mar the beauty of His works and disturb the harmony of his plans. It is no longer the purpose of our KING to permit His proud and boasting Enemy to range, at

will, the boundless regions of space, infecting all worlds with the poison of Sin, and afflicting them with the scourge of Death.

The annals of his earthly career will stand upon the pages of Eternity, as perpetual testimony of his colossal power and his unbounded depravity,—an abundant confirmation of his enormous guilt,—an eternal vindication of the justice of his doom.

MICHAEL, make haste, (thus commandeth the KING ALMIGHTY,) go forth, swifter than Light, even before the grand Convocation of the Infernal Powers shall be dissolved. Take with thee a Legion of strong Angels. Fear not;—in the far off deeps of uncreated night my presence shall surround thee.—Close, with thy Mighty arm, the gate of Hell, and bar it with bars of Adamant,—never, never, nevermore to be broken."

Instantly, then, the scene changed. A partial dimness overspread all the Land of Paradise, as though a veil had suddenly intervened, to obscure the source of Light. A shade of solemnity rested upon every countenance, and an awful silence reigned, for a short space, throughout all the regions of

bliss—as Michael arranged his troops in military order, and proceeded to depart at the Western Portal, to execute the command of the ALMIGHTY and seal the eternal doom of the Unfaithful.

END OF VISION FOURTH.